Swats Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO. 30. MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

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W. D. COWAN, L. D. S., D. D. S., Surgeon-Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world), visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

SEYMOUR GREEN, Insurance agent; Issuer Marriage Licenses; School Debentures bought; Homestead entries made; Full list of all lands open for entry in the Moose Jaw District; Farms for sale with from 50 to 200 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale. Money to Loan.



I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Russell Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Every member is requested to attend.

Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, January 29th.

C. D. J. Christie, C.R. H. F. Dreyer, R.S.

X'mas 1894, New Years 1895

Now is the winter of our discontent, but notwithstanding should you require any articles in our lines, namely,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

the pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, call on or write to.

OCTAVIUS FIELD.

Terms Cash.

MUSIC!

For the Winter Season.

Alexander Ball wishes to give notice to the public that he has rented from Mr. Thos. Healey his room, which is 25 x 40, and is prepared to let it out for dances, concerts and whist parties, etc., etc., at reasonable terms. Mr. Ball is also prepared to take pupils for singing, piano forte and organ lessons, also classes for instruction in the theory of music.

Terms for Winter Season.

Playing at dances, hours from 9 to 1 a.m., $5.00; after these hours $8.00.
Playing at evening parties $3.00.
Organ Recitals $5.00.
Piano or organ lessons at Mr. Ball's rooms $3.00 per quarter; at residence $6.00 per quarter.
Singing lessons $3.00 per quarter of 12 lessons.
Music provided for balls, evening parties, entertainments, etc.
The above to date from Dec. 1st, 1894.

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Coal and wood is what every-one must have at this time of the year and we can supply both at the right prices. Cord wood or cut into stove lengths. The celebrated Hassard Mine Souris Coal, the most economical fuel on the market. Just the thing for these hard times; to try it is to be convinced.

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GALT COAL. SEASON 1894.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Lump, when taken from car, $5.95
" " " " shed, 6.20
" " delivered - 6.50
Nut, taken from car or shed, 5.00
" delivered - - - 5.50

TERMS STRICTLY & POSITIVELY CASH.

We have received a splendid assortment of Christmas fruits and peels, also a full line of hand-painted lamps that we are making a specialty of for **X'mas presents**. We have arriving this week all kinds of nuts, apples, oranges, lemons and grapes, and last, but not least, you should call and see our direct importation of the famous Ceylon Blend Tea in 1, 2, 3, and 5 lb. caddies.

E. A. BAKER & CO.

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During the month of **JANUARY** we will offer our entire stock of Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishing, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Etc.

AT : ACTUAL : COST : FOR : CASH : ONLY.

This is undoubtedly the Greatest Offer of the Season.

See the bargains.

We are offering the best of goods at prices that will surprise the most fastidious. Certain lines we almost give away.

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All orders left with Messrs. Wilson & McDonald will be promptly attended to.

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DON'T READ THIS COLUMN.

34 in. unbleached cotton	- $	for $	5
Flannellettes	10 "		7
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Wool plaids	30 "		22
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Towellings	10 "		7½
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Table linen	25 "		18
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"	20 "		13
Dress good	30 "		20
"	45 "		30
" 40 in.	25 "		15
Children's bibs	10 "		5
Ladies' gloves, job			15
" "			25
Children's " "			15
Ladies ribbed wool hose	40 "		25
Ladies' plain wool hose	30 "		20
Ladies' tams	35 "		25
Gents' ties	30 to 60 "		25
Ladies' jerseys job			40
Ladies' fur coats	40 00 "	28	00
" "	28 00 "	20	00
" "	20 00 "	14	00

25 . PER . CENT.

Off all Fur Goods.

Tennis flannels	65 "	45
Cord velvet	90 "	50
Gents' fur coats		12 50
Ladies' and children's felt slippers worth from 50c. to $1.00		" 25&50
Men's suits, job		5 00
" "		6 50
" "		7 50

Worth Double the Money.

Men's flannel lined boots	3 00 "	2	25
Boys' flannel lined boots	2 25 "	1	50
Mens' felt boots	2 25 "	1	75
" wool mitts	25 "		15
" " gauntlets	85 "		50
Men's leather mitts and gloves wool lined	1 25 "		85
Boys' wool mitts, 20 and 25	"		15
Men's Alaska mitts	60 "		40
Men's heavy shirts	1 40 "	1	00
" "	1 50 "	1	10
" "	1 75 "	1	25
" "	2 00 "	1	35
Children's cloaking	75 "		50
" "	50 "		25

Towells From 5 cts. Up

See our 25 cent Crockery Table.
" 50 " " "

Mantle cloths at almost your own price.

Try our 18 cent black tea. These prices are for CASH ONLY and during stock taking.

T. W. ROBINSON

OUR SCHOOL.

A VISIT BY A TIMES REPRESENTATIVE.

How the Young Vines are Trained on the Educational Trellis—The Present Staff of Teachers and the New School Board.

Determined on having the name of a TIMES representative enrolled on the visitors' register at the school a call was made on Wednesday for that purpose. The register was produced by Mr. Fenwick, but bears such a lonesome appearance that our original ideas were knocked "sky high" and we began to think parents might be interested in a slight description of what is done in our school. The visitors' register is still a fixture of the school but apparently has not been used for that purpose. The different inspectors, as if to encourage opinions, have made memorandums and even that ended on May 3rd 1893, the last entry being made by Mr. D. J. Goggin.

The reader will notice that visitors have not been plentiful, and it may be in the best interests of the scholars that they have not. The scribe noticed when entering the different departments that study was more or less interrupted and if this method of visiting was followed to excess it would certainly be injurious. It might be overcome by having certain days for review that could be availed of by parents anxious in the educational progress of their children. The teachers all expressed themselves as anxious to meet the parents and it is simply a matter of arrangement that will be most profitable to the children.

Mr. Fenwick, High School department, was the first visited. There are at present nineteen pupils enrolled in this class, divided into first, second and third forms. All the subjects of higher education are taught in this room. Last year twenty-five dollars was invested by the School Board in apliances for the practical illustration of physics, a subject lately introduced. Chemistry is being taught theoretically, the present Board not feeling it advisable to invest money in the different appliances required for its illustration.

The library is not very extensive and in this matter those who are interested in the school and have books to spare can contribute where it will be appreciated as well as instructing. A set of Encyclopedia, a large dictionary and a pronouncing Gazetteer represent the bulk of the present stock. The School Board however intend spending fifty dollars in adding to a library of reference which has lately been started. The room was neat and attractive the walls being adorned with pictures. Another opportunity for the charitably inclined to make the school room attractive by presenting to the school any pictures they may have to spare.

Mr. Laycock's room, across the hall from Mr. Fenwick's, is what you might call crowded. Mr. Laycock has an attendance of 56 divided into the third and forth forms. The forth form is made up of pupils preparing for the high school. There are sixten in this form now and if all are successful Mr. Laycock's room will be somewhat relieved to be again filled from the lower classes. The senior class in this room takes up eleven branches of study and the juniour class nine.

Miss. Dickey, who has charge of the junior department down stairs, has also a very crowded room. The attendance has been increased at the present time by crowded out scholars from Mr. Laycock's class. There are four forms here divided as follows:—one in part two, two in second and one in the third book. The arrangement of the room is thoroughly systematic. at the end of the room, immediately in front of the teacher's desk stands a table and a large zinc lined shallow box. On the table are books, papers and magazines provided by the teacher and children. As an incentive to faithful service pupils are permitted to approach the table and make use of any reading matter found thereon, provided their task is completed within the alloted time. The zinc lined box is at present the foundation of Moose Jaw. The bottom is covered with earth about two inches deep and the streets and blocks are laid off, the different business houses marked by signs stuck up in the sand.

Outside the regular school routine the Holt system of music is taught by Miss Dickey, which adds attractively as well as instructively, even the smaller children evincing considerable interest in do, ra, me.

Miss Burnett occupies the lower flat with Miss Dickey and is in charge of the little "tots," or primary department. To the fond mothers who are pestered with the antics of two or three darlings we would ask consideration for Miss Burnett, who has sixty-six of these little bundles of Mischief enrolled on her register. Even in the primary department the system of teaching is advanced. Objects are used to explain and impress on the child's memory every lesson taught, The a b c's and pot hooks and hangers that were a source of torture to the one time school boy have been substituted by the attractive exercise of the vertical system of penmanship. This new system is being imparted to the children with the aid of some very neat examples prepared by Miss Burnett. There, as in the other rooms, systematic arrangement is plainly apparent. The attractions provided for the little ones with the view to teach are appropriate and deserve the greatest encouragement.

The new School board as organized is representative of the business interests of the town. Mr. T. B. Baker, chairman, is an old resident and has been connected with school affairs till he has the whole thing off by heart. Messrs. Bole, Annable and Ferguson have each had the experience of a term and are well fitted for the positions. Mr. J. M. Simington is a new man on the Board, but two years in the council fits him in a large measure for the new office.

Altogether in the hands of the present board and staff educational interests in Moose Jaw are safe, and the high standard of our school will certainly be maintained.

A FEDERAL QUESTION.

The Dominion Government is the only Hope of Prohibitionists.

The following questions submitted to the Supreme Court have been answered.

First—Has a provincial legislature power to prohibit the sale within the province of intoxicating liquors? To this the chief justice and Fournier answered, yes: and Gwynne, Sedgewick and King, no. So that the judgment of the court is "no" by three to two.

Second—Has the legislature such jurisdiction regarding such portions of the province as to which the Canada Temperance act is not in operation? The court answered this question the same as the first

Third—Has the provincial legislature jurisdiction to prohibit the manufacture of such liquors within the province? The court was unanimous in answering this question in the negative

Fourth—Has the legislature jurisdiction to prohibit the importation of such liquors into the province? Answered unanimously in the negative.

Fifth—If the legislature has not the jurisdiction to prohibit the sales of such liquors irrespective of quantities, have they power to prohibit the retail sale? This important question was answered in the negative, the chief justice and Fournir dissenting.

If the local legislature has a limited jurisdiction as regards the prohibition of sale, has it the jurisdiction to prohibit sales subject to the limits provided by the Scott act? The court answered no, the chief justice and Fouriner dissenting.

Seventh—Have the Ontario legislature jurisdiction to enact the local option act? Answer, no; the chief justice and Fournir dissenting.

Mr. McCarthy's Position.

At a meeting held in Picton Mr. Dalton McCarthy, after paying an eloquent tribute to the late Sir John Thompson, said:

"Sir John's death would not alter his attitude toward the Government, because it was measures and not men he was at enmity with. His difference with the Government began with the question of the Jesuites estate and had since widened, although not to the extent of making him join the Opposition. Mackenzie Bowell was at one time Grand Sovereign of the Dominion Orange body, but his party interests were always the first consideration and he supported the Jesuits Estate bill and voted for the perpetuation of the dual system in the North-West, notwithstanding he had talked against Separate schools all his life."

Mr. O'Brien endorsed the views of his leader, and announced his attention of standing firmly by him.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

UNDER A CLOUD

THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

At that moment the clock on a cabinet rung out the musical chimes of four quarters, and a deeper toned bell sounded the hour.

"Ten," he said, smiling. "Two hours more and then the beginning of a longer day."

He opened a drawer, took out a parchment label, and wrote upon it carefully:

To Edward Brettison, when time is no more for his obliged and grateful friend,

MALCOLM STRATTON.

Rising from his chair he crossed to the cabinet, tied the label to one of the handles of the clock, then opened the door beneath, and laid bare a shelf of bottles, while a penetrating odor of camphor and other gums floated out into the room—a familiar odor to those who study natural history, and preserve specimens of insect or bird life.

He had to move two or three bottles to get at one with a large neck and stopper, which he shook up and loosened several pieces of dull looking white crystal. One of these pieces he turned out on to the table by his letters, hesitated and jerked out another. Then, setting down the bottle, he crossed the room to where a table-flitter stood on a bracket, and returned with the large carafe and a tumbler, which he filled nearly full of water. These two he set down on the table, and taking up one of the lumps of crystal he dropped it into the glass, taking care that no water should sprinkle over the side.

He held it up to his lamp to see how quickly it would dissolve, set it down again, and dropped in the second piece before beginning to tap the table with his nails, watching the crystalline pieces the while.

"Quick and painless, I hope," he said quietly. "Bah! I can bear a little pain."

He turned in his chair with a laugh, which froze upon his lips as he saw his shadow on a panel a few yards away, the weird aspect of the moving figure having so terrible an effect upon his shattered nerves that he sprang from his seat and fled to the wall where he stood breathing hard.

"Yes, I know," he cried wildly. "Only my shadow, but it is coming back—I cannot—it is is more than man can bear."

There was a wild despair in his utterance and he shrank away more and more toward the doorway leading to the further room. Then, as if making a supreme effort, he drew himself up erect, with his lips moving rapidly in a low murmur, stepped firmly toward the table and seized the glass.

CHAPTER XI.

FATE!

Barron was back to dine at the admiral's that night, but the dinner was not a success. Myra was singularly cold and formal in her manner; Edie pleaded a headache; and the admiral was worried by recollections of the morning's blunder, and felt awkward and constrained with his guest.

Strive hard as he would he could not help making comparisons, and a curious feeling of pity came over him as he thought of Stratton's blank face and the look of despair in his eyes, while he half wished that he had not allowed himself to be so easily won over to the engagement.

"For he is, after all, nearly a stranger," he mused as his son-in-law elect tried hard to secure Myra's interest in a society anecdote he was retailing, to which she listened and that was all. "Yes, a stranger," mused Sir Mark. "I know very little about him. Bah! Absurd! What should I know of any man who wanted to marry my girl? I might meet his relatives, and there would be a certain amount of intercourse, but if I knew them for fifty years it would not make the man a good husband to my poor girl. He loves her dearly; he is a fine, clever, manly fellow; there is no doubt about the Barron estate in Trinidad, and he has a handsome balance at his banker's."

The ladies rose soon after, and Barron held the door open, returning slowly to his seat, and shrugging his shoulders slightly. For there had been no tender look as Myra passed out, and Barron's thought was justified.

"Don't seem as if we were engaged. I hope," he said aloud, "Myra is not unwell."

"Eh? Oh, no, my dear boy, no. Girls do come over grumpy sometimes. Here, try this claret, and lets have a cozy chat for an hour before we go up."

"An hour?" said Barron, with a raising of the eyebrows.

"Yes; why not? You're not a love-sick boy, and you'll have plenty of your wife by and by."

"Not a boy, certainly, sir. As to the love sickness—well, I don't know. But—yes, that's a good glass of claret. Larose, eh?"

"Yes. Fill your glass again."

"Willingly," said Barron, obeying his host, and pushing back the jug, "for I want to talk to you, sir, very seriously, and one seems to get on over a glass of wine."

"To talk to me?" said Sir Mark sharply, for his nerves were still ajar. "Nything the matter?"

"Yes—and no."

"Look here, Barron," cried Sir Mark excitedly, "no beating about the bush. If you want to draw back from your engagement say so like a man."

"If I want to draw back from my engagement, my dear sir? What in the world are you thinking about?"

"I—er—well, your manner was so strange,"

"Not strange, Sir Mark, serious. There are serious moments in my life. By the way, I have seen my solicitor again respecting the settlements, and the papers will be ready at any time."

"No hurry, sir, no hurry," said Sir Mark, frowning. "Well?"

Barron drew a long breath.

"Well, what is it, man,—what is wrong?"

"Only the old story. When the cat's away the mice will play."

"What do you mean?"

"I've had bad news from my agent in Trindad."

"Indeed?"

"He writes to me by this mail that he has done his best, but the estate needs my immediate supervision—that he cannot exert the same influence and authority that I should."

"Losses?"

"Oh, no; gains—that is, a little on the right side. But a little is absurd. Those plantations ought to produce a princely revenue."

The admiral looked at his guest keenly.

"Well," he said at last, "what does this mean?"

"That in spite of everything—my own desires and the love I have for England—I shall have to run across as soon as possible."

"For how long?"

"I cannot say—probably for a year."

"Hah!" ejaculated the admiral with a sigh of relief. A year before he would be compelled to part with his child.

"And under the circumstances, Sir Mark, I am obliged to throw myself upon your mercy."

"What do you mean?" cried the admiral in alarm.

"Can you ask, sir?" said Barron reproachfully. "I know it is making a great demand upon you and dear Myra; but life is short, and I ask you if my position would not be terrible. It would be like exile to me. I could not bear it. I would say to my agent, 'Let the estate go to——' never mind where; but that would be courting ruin at a time when I am beginning to learn the value of money, as a slave of the lamp, who can, at my lightest order, bring everything I desire to lay at my darling's feet."

"You mean," cried the admiral hotly, "that you want the wedding hurried on?"

"To be plain, Sir Mark, I do. In a month from now. I must go by the next mail boat but one."

"It is impossible, sir!" cried Sir Mark.

Barron shook his head and the admiral changed his position in his chair.

"But Myra?" he cried. "Oh, she would never consent to its being so soon."

"I believe our dear Myra would, in the weetness of her disposition alone, consent, Mr Mark," said Barron gravely; "and as soon as she knows of the vital importance of time to the man who will be her husband, she will endeavor to meet his wishes in every way."

"Yes, yes; she is a dear good girl," said Sir Mark; "but this is terrible; so soon."

"The time for parting must come, Sir Mark, sooner or later; and think: it is for her benefit and happiness. "Well, yes, I must confess to my own selfish wishes."

"And then there is her aunt—my sister. She would never consent to—— Yes, I know exactly what she would say—such indecent haste."

"Only an elderly lady's objection, Sir Mark," said Barron smiling. "You are certainly bringing forward a new difficulty now, for I fear that I have never found favor in Miss Jerrold's eyes. But surely she has no right to dictate in a case like this. Nay, let us have no opposition. I will appeal to Miss Jerrold myself. She is too high-minded and sweet a lady to stand in the way of her niece's and my happiness. I am satisfied of that. Come, Sir Mark, look at the case plainly. You have been a sailor, sir, and know the meaning of sudden orders to join. Nothing would stop you. Mine are not so sudden, for I have—that is, at all risks, I will have—a month. My fortune is at stake—Myra's fortune, I may say. Help me as you feel the case deserves."

The admiral was silent for a few minutes, during which he filled and emptied his claret glass twice.

"You've floored me, Barron," he said at last. "I can't find an argument against you."

"Then you consent? And you will help me in every way?"

"It is hard work, my boy—a terrible wrench, but I suppose I must. In a month," he muttered; "so soon—and for her to sail right away for a who e year."

Barron wrung his hand hard and smiled.

"How long will it be, my dear sir, before your old taste for the sea returns? Why, you'll be running across before three months are past. Really I should not be surprised if you announced that you meant to come with us."

"Hah! Why not?" cried Sir Mark eagerly. "No, no; that would not do. But I certainly will run over before long."

"Do, sir," cried Barron eagerly.

"Barbadoes, Bahamas, Bermuda," cried Sir Mark. "Why, I could take a trip anywhere among the islands. It's all familiar ground to me. But poor Myra—a month; so soon. I don't feel as if I am doing right, Barron; but here, it is fate."

"Yes, sir, it is fate."

CHAPTER XII.

GUEST PAYS A LATE VISIT.

The crystals had dissolved in the glass as Stratton held it up and gazed fixedly at its contents, his face, stern and calm, dimly seen in the shadow, while the shape of the vessel he grasped was plainly delineated against the white blotting paper, upon which a circle of bright light was cast by the shaded lamp.

He was not hesitating, but thinking calmly enough. The paroxysm of horror had been mastered, and as a step was faintly heard crossing the court, he was trying to think out whether there was anything else which he ought to do before that cold hand gripped him and it would be too late.

He looked around, set down the glass for a moment by his letters, and thrusting aside the library chair he used at his writing table, he wheeled forward a lounge seat ready to receive him as he sank back, thinking quietly that the action of the terrible acid would perhaps be very sudden.

Anything more?

He smiled pleasantly, for a fresh thought dashed across his mind, and taking an envelope he bent down and directed it plainly, and without the slightest trembling of his hand, to Mrs. Brade.

"Poor, gossiping old thing!" he said. "She has been very kind to me. It will be a shock, but she must bear it like the rest."

He took a solitary five-pound note from his pocketbook, thrust it into the envelope, wrote inside the flap, "For your own use," and moistened and secured it before placing it with the other letters.

"About nine to-morrow morning she will find it," he thought, "and then—poor soul! poor soul! The police and—I shall be asleep."

"God—forgive me!" he said slowly as, after a step in front of the easy chair he had placed ready, he once more raised the glass, and closing his eyes:

"To Myra," he said, with a bitter laugh; and it was nearly at his lips when there was a sharp double knock at his outer door.

A fierce look of anger came into his countenance as he stood glaring in the direction of the summons. Then raising the glass again, he was about to drink when there was a louder knocking.

Stratton hesitated, set down the glass, crossed the room, and threw open the doors, first one and then the other, with the impression upon him that by some means his intentions had been divined and that it was the police.

"Having a nap, old fellow?" cried Guest hurriedly, as he stepped in, Stratton involuntarily giving way. "I was crossing the inn and saw your light. Thought I'd drop in for a few moments before going to my perch."

He did not say that he had been pacing the inn and its precincts for hours, longing to hear the result of his friend's visit to Bourne Square, but unable to make up his mind to go up till the last, when, in a fit of desperation, he had mounted the stair.

"I will not quarrel with him if he is the winner. One was obliged to go down. I can't afford to lose lover and friend in one day, even if it does make one sore."

He had taken that sentence and said it in a hundred different ways that evening, and it was upon his lips as he had at last knocked at Stratton's door.

Upon his first entrance he had not noticed anything particular in his friend, being in a feverish, excited state, full of his own disappointment; but as Stratton remained silent, gazing hard at him, he looked in his face wonderingly; and as, by the half light, he made out his haggard countenance and the wild, staring look in his eyes, a rush of hope sent the blood bubbling, as it were, through his veins. "Has she refused him?" rang in his ears, and, speechless for the moment, with his heart throbbing wildly, and his throat not and dry, he took a step forward as he saw carafe and water glass before him, caught up the latter, and raised it to his lips.

"But only to start back in wonder and alarm, for, with a hoarse cry, Stratton struck the glass from his hand, scattered its contents over the hearthrug, and the glass itself flew into fragments against the bars of the grate.

"Here, what's the matter with you, old fellow?" cried Guest wonderingly, "Don't act like that."

Stratton babbled a few incoherent words, and sank back in the lounge, covering his face with his hands, and a hoarse hysterical cry escaped from his lips.

Guest looked at him in astonishment, then at the table, where, in the broad circle of light, he saw the letters his friend had written, one being directed to himself.

They explained little, but the next instant he saw the wide-mouthed, stoppered bottle, caught it up, examined the label, and held it at arm's length.

"The cyanide!" he cried excitedly. "Mal, Stratton, old chap! Good God! You surely—no, it is impossible. Speak to me, old man! Tell me, or I shall go mad! Did Edie refuse you?"

Stratton's hands dropped from his face as he rose in his seat, staring wildly at his friend.

"Edie!" he said wonderingly.

"Yes, Edie!" cried Guest excitedly as he bent down toward his friend. "Here, stop a minute; what shall I do with that cursed stuff?"

Striding to the window, he threw it open, leaned out, and dashed the bottle upon the pavement, shivering it and its contents to fragments.

"Now speak," he cried as soon as he had returned. "No fooling, man; speak the truth."

"Edie?" said Stratton as he sat there trembling as if smitten by some dire disease.

"Yes. You told me you were going to tell her of your success—to ask the admiral to give you leave to speak to her."

"No, no," said Stratton slowly.

"Are you mad, or have you been drinking?" cried Guest angrily, and he caught his friend by the shoulders.

"Don't—don't, Percy," said Stratton feebly. "I'm not myself to-night. I——Why did you come?" he asked vacantly.

"Because it was life or death to me," cried Guest. "I couldn't say a word to you then, but I've loved little Edie ever since we first met. You were my friend, Mal, and I couldn't say anything when I saw you two so thick together. She seemed to prefer your society to mine, and she had a right to choose. I've been half mad to-day since you told me you cared for her, but I couldn't sleep till I knew all the worst."

"I told you I loved Edith Perrin?"

"Yes! Are you so stupefied by what you have taken that you don't know what you are saying?"

"I know what I am saying," said Stratton, almost in a whisper. "I never told you that."

"I swear you did, man. You don't know what you say."

"I told you I was going to see the admiral. All a mistake—your's—mine," he gasped feebly.

"What do you mean?" cried Guest shaking him.

"I always liked little Edie, but it was Myra I loved."

"What?" cried Guest wildly.

"I spoke to her father to-day plainly, as—as—an honest man. Too late, old fellow; too late."

"Too late?"

She is engaged—to be married—to the admiral's friend."

"Barron?"

"Yes."

I thought as much. Then it was all a mistake about Edie?" cried Guest wildly. "I beg your pardon, Mal. I'm excited, too. I'm awfully sorry, though, old man.

But tell me," he cried, changing his manner. "Those letters—that glass? Good Heavens. You were never going to be such a madman, such an idiot, as to——Oh, say it was all a mistake!"

"That I should have been a dead man by this?" said Stratton solemnly. "That was no mistake," he murmured piteously. "What is there to live for now?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Solving the Problem.

George—"Women are still pushing their way into all the industries."

Jack—"That's so. I have just been discharged, to make way for a woman."

"You have? Well! well! What are you going to do now?"

"I am trying to marry the woman."

The Modern Gladiator.

Sing a song uv sluggers—
A belly full uv gutt,
Every pugilist on eart'
Talkin' fur de stuff.
When dere wind's exhausted
Dere will be a pause—
Isn't it a lovely sight?—
Scrappin' wid dere jaws!

INVASION OF MANCHURIA.

A LAND OF LOFTY MOUNAINS WITH INTERVENING FERTILE VALLEYS.

Nature of the Country Through Which a Japanese Army is Marching—A Description of the World-Famous "Gate of Corea and the Wall of Stakes—Foreign Missionaries Very Active in Mukden.

Crossing the Yalu from Corea at Waju, a city set upon a hill near the mouth of the river, one enters Manchuria. Beyond, extending for a distance of 100 li (a li is equal to about two-thirds of an English mile), lies what was until a few years ago the "neutral territory." This tract was originally Corean, but by treaty with China be came a "No Man's Land," or neutral zone, common to both countries, but offering no attractions to settlers from either, the strip having ruthlessly been laid waste by the Corean Government and several large cities which were flourishing at the time razed, to the ground.

The territory was given up to hordes of bandits infesting the borders of Manchuria who eventually made matters warm for travellers between the two countries that traffic was well-nigh suspended. This was a serious matter, since all trade between the Chinese and Coreans was limited to that conducted at the great fair held at at "Corean Gate," near the city of Fing-Huang Ching, and a treaty with Corea was concluded by the Chinese, by the provisions of which the hitherto neutral territory was absorbed by China and became a portion of the Mauchurian province of Shing King. This strip, through which the Japanese army is now marching, is largely made up of lofty mountains, with intervening fertile valleys, but there is little agriculture carried on, the peaceful dwellers of the lofty and picturesque mountain ranges being tiger hunters, ginseng diggers, and monks. Of the latter there are many thousands the monasteries being very numerous and invariably situated amid grand and beautiful scenery.

THE FAMOUS "COREAN GATE,"

at which the great annual fairs were held, is a village a few miles from Fing-Huang Ching. The equally famous palisade of stakes, which appears on the maps as extending far north from the Corean Gate and southward to the Gulf of Liao-Tong, is on inspection fully as disappointing as the gate itself. An agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland, the Rev. Alexander Williamson, who visited Fing-Huang Ching a few years ago where the great fairs were still being held, describes his surprise and disappointment at the picture presented at the world famous "Gate of Corea" and the wall of stakes, which was built with the object of keeping Manchu marauders out of Corea and Corean bandits out of Manchuria. He says:

"By and by we came in sight of the famous range of hills called Fing-Huang Snow, from which the city of Fing-Huang Ching takes it name. As we drew near the gate our excitement rose, for we expected to see a grand gateway, in keeping with the extent of the country and its famous history. 'Where is the gate and where are the palisades?' we inquired again and again. 'There,' shouted the crowd. At last we found the gate. 'There it is,' said a Manchu, pointing to a small house with an opening in it not larger than a Scottish laborer's cottage. 'Is that the gate?' I exclaimed in surprise. 'Why it isn't any bigger than a cook shop! Where are the palisades?' I now enquired. 'There!' shouted the people, directing me to a fence in bad repair, consisting of stakes of wood about three feet high, intertwined with some kind of willow, and which extended only a few yards to the north and south of the house. There, then, were the grand palisades so obtrusively marked on the maps as extending for hundreds of miles."

Going forward to the gate, Mr. Williamson found officials, both Chinese and Corean, who received him courteously. The country beyond he described as mountainous and "moorland in aspect." It reminded him very much of Scotland and was very picturesque.

As the victorious Japanese on their march on Mukden from Corea must pass by the Corean gate and the city of Fing-Huang Ching,

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION

of the latter city is of interest. Fing-Huang Ching was formerly of importance as the first Chinese city at which the Corean Embassy halted on its annual visit to Pekin, bearing tribute, and receiving in return the calendar for the new year. Here the respective officials exchanged courtesies, with much formality. The city proper is a very small square enclosure, now almost entirely occupied by mandarin offices. The suburbs of the official city are extensive and consist of one long street running north and south, and several branch streets. The business done is considerable, and the people are civil and courteous, which can be said generally of the Manchus, though not of the Chinese.

But the place of greatest importance at the present time is Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, upon which the Japanese army of invasion is rapidly advancing, and which, no doubt, by the treasure said to be valued at $1,200,000, which "the Son of Heaven" has there laid up for a rainy day. Mukden is the capital of Manchuria, as well as of the province of Shing King, one of the three departments into which Manchuria is divided. It occupies a fine position on the river Shin, an affluent of the Liao. It is a city of some pretensions to grandeur. The city wall presents a handsome appearance, and is pierced by eight gates. The streets, unlike those of Chinese cities, are broad and well laid out, and the stores are well supplied with both native and foreign goods. The population is estimated at from 150,000 to 250,000.

THE CLIMATE IS PLEASANT.

Mukden lies about 330 miles northeast of Pekin, on the main highway between the imperial capital and the Amur River. It was the residence of the Manchu sovereigns before their conquest of China. It would create no surprise among foreigners well acquainted with Chinese politics should the present Emperor be dethroned and compelled to return to the old Manchu capital. The vast accumulation of treasure by the Emperor in Mukden is said to have been going on for years in anticipation of his downfall.

The Manchus are not a nomadic race, like the Mongols, but are great hunters and make excellent soldiers. They are being gradually crowded out of their own country by the irrepressible Chinese. They are of a lighter complexion and slightly heavier build than the latter, have the same narrow oblique eyes, but rather more beard. Their countenances have a more intellectual cast than those of either the Chinese or the Mongols, and they are not so much dominated by their priests. "They may," says Dr. Wells Williams, "undoubtedly be regarded as the most improvable race in Central Asia if not on the continent."

What affect the advent of the Japanese may have on the fortunes of the Manchus remains to be seen, but it is certain that the aggressive little men from Japan will not be allowed to retain possession of Manchuria, should they succeed in conquering it. Russia would have insurmountable objections to that.

Foreign missionaries are now very active in Mukden, more particularly the Irish and Scotch Presbyterians, who, besides their regular work, conduct a medical mission which is very successful. There is also a Roman Catholic and a Baptist mission. The Catholics are very numerous and powerful in Manchuria and north China. Numerous temples adorn the city, and about four miles to the east is the tomb of Nurhachu, the founder of the present reigning dynasty. There is excellent coal in the neighborhood of Mukden and a railway is projected to connect the city with the coast.

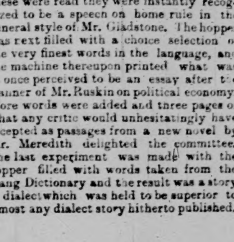
CARRIAGES WITHOUT HORSES.

A French Invention That May Revolutionize Transportation.

An enterprising Parisian journal, the Petit Journal, organized a competition last July for the best design for a carriage that will run on ordinary roads, propelled by mechanical means, without the use of horses or other animals. The prizes amounted to nearly $2,100 (10,500 francs), and there were 104 competitors. To the surprise of most, only two of the 104 designs called for electricity as the motive-power, and neither of these put in an appearance at the exhibition which followed The design winning the first prize has gasoline for its motive power.

The chief points to be taken into account in the award of prizes were "Freedom from danger," "Ease of management," "Convenience for obtaining fuel-supply," and "Economy."

The invention deemed deserving of especial attention is the Serpollet generator, which consists of a simple spiral tube, flattened, into which the water is injected by means of a force-pump at one end, to be



CARRIAGE WITH SERPOLLET GENERATOR.

delivered in the form of absolutely dry steam at high pressure at the other, where it operates the piston. The volume of water and of steam is so insignificant as to leave no fear of explosion.

The tubes, moreover, are subjected to a test of 200 atmospheres, stamped by the Control of 200 pounds, while practically they are not subjected to a strain exceeding 45 to 55 pounds. They are hence absolutely safe. Our illustration shows one of the competing carriages operated on this system. These carriages are not designed for great speed; nevertheless in the several tests on the Exposition course, the speed ranged from 10 to 25 kilometers an hour [6 to 16 miles], and on some of the descents on the road from Rouens to Paris the speed reached 35 kilometers [about 22] miles]. There were twelve passengers besides the driver and the engineer. It will be understood that vehicles of this class are designed primarily for the transport of goods along frequented lines, and of passengers along lines which the railroads have not tapped.

This vehicle weighs about 1,500 pounds. The consumption of coke involves a cost of 4 centimes a kilometer—say three cents a mile, or about two dollars for the trip from Paris to Rouen. The reserve of water is sufficient for a journey of 32 miles.

MACHINE-MADE SPEECHES

Turned Out With Marvelous Rapidity by a Recent English Invention.

There is no doubt that both the typewriting machine and the phonograph are very ingenious and useful inventions, but the chief difficulty with them, is that they cannot be made to act automatically. It is in order to fill this want that a distinguished inventor, whose name is for the present withheld, has invented an automatic writer, and, judging from the private exhibition of the machine which was recently given in London to a committee of members of the Royal Society, it bids fair to prove the greatest invention of this or any age.

In appearance the machine is said to be not wholly unlike a typewriting machine. It, however, is provided with a sort of hopper, in which are placed blocks of type metal, each one of which is provided with a complete word, instead of a single letter. When this hopper is filled and the small electric engine, which furnishes the motive power of the machine, is set in action it instantly begins to print. Of course, what is printed depends in a good degree upon the selection of words which are placed in the hopper, but it is understood that the machine can be used for almost any sort of composition.

At the exhibition already mentioned the hopper was filled with a supply of words relating to the English political situation, and in ten minutes after the engine had been started the machine had printed two full columns, each of about the length of an ordinary column of a newspaper. When these were read they were instantly recognized to be a speech on home rule in the general style of Mr. Gladstone. The hopper was next filled with a choice selection of the very finest words in the language, and the machine thereupon printed what was at once perceived to be an essay after the manner of Mr. Ruskin on political economy. More words were added and three pages of what any critic would unhesitatingly have accepted as passages from a new novel by Mr. Meredith delighted the committee. The last experiment was made with the hopper filled with words taken from the Slang Dictionary and the result was a story in dialect which was held to be superior to almost any dialect story hitherto published.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Warwick, England, has just chosen the Earl of Warwick to be its mayor for the coming year.

At Wels, in Upper Austria, natural gas fit for illuminating and heating has been discovered.

Two thousand frogs were recently imported into England by the Duke of Bedford to clear his ponds of parasites.

The world moves. A bill granting liberty of worship to all religious denominations has just been passed by the House of the Magnates in Hungary.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has just lost her last surviving son. Though a chronic invalid he held the place of sub-librarian at Windsor Castle, and wrote for the Spectator and other literary papers.

Charles Dickens' Gadshill collection of forty-eight prints by Hogarth, which he left by will to the late Edmund Yates, was recently sold at Brighton for $1,150 in the auction sale of Yates' personal effects.

Tennyson's biography, now being prepared by his son, will not be ready for two or three years. A great deal of material has had to be sifted and arranged, including 50,000 letters, many of which have been lent.

Two guinea-pigs were born at Oxford recently, each of them with a well-marked droop of the left upper eyelid. They were the offspring of parents in whom the defect had been produced artificially to test the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

A "tell-tale" milk jug has just been devised in England. It is a glass measure, graduated at every quarter pint. Below the pint and half pint marks three lines are etched showing the thickness of cream which should appear in milk of average quality, in good and in very good milk, thus measuring both quantity and quality.

Serum for the treatment of diphtheria has been obtained so far in France from old hack horses. The French Government now proposes to give the Pasteur Institute the first choice in the selection of horses condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service, the price to be paid being the average price of the other animals sold.

To repress drunkenness the Governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex shall be posted in certain public places in the city and also printed in the Official Gazette. Fifty years ago they were compelled to sweep the streets for a number of hours, under the eye of the police.

A clergyman was recently explaining to the Crown Prince of Germany, who is 12 years old now, that all men were sinners, says the Ave Maria, whereupon the little fellow asked him if his father, the Emperor, was not an exception to the rule. "No, he is not," answered the clergyman; "the Kaiser is a sinner like every other mortal." "Well, I'm sure of one thing," said the little prince, "and that is that my mother is no sinner."

The Blake, the flagship of the British North Atlantic squadron, is to return to England early next spring, after an absence of three years. Her place will be taken by the Crescent, now in Australia. The Blake has not realized exceptation. Her machinery gave trouble during her trials, and has not worked as smoothly as it should while she has been in commission.

In 1869, the year of the opening of the Suez Canal, the tonnage of ships entered at Hong Kong was 2,500,000; three years later it had risen to 3,800,000; last year it was 7,177,025; the total tonnage entered and cleared being 14,349,122. This places Hong-Kong first in the lists of the ports of the British empire, though London and Liverpool run it pretty close. Fifty years ago, when ceded to England by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, it was a desolate island.

Mr. Mohun, the American Consular Agent to the Congo Free State, who recently brought to Belgium the details of Emin Pasha's assassination, explored the unknown stretch of the Congo, from Kassongo to Ankoro, at the junction of the Luapula, a distance of 135 kilometres for 110 of which the river is impracticable for navigation owing to the rapids. In some parts the banks rise to a height of 1,000 to 1,200 metres, in one place the river narrows to 90 metres, rushing through great rocks of black granite, white giant needles of quartz rise from the bed of the stream. This place was named Hell Gate. Above the river becomes once more navigable. Mr. Mohun succeeded in reaching the junction with the Lukuga, which flows out of Lake Tanganyika, which had not been done before.

His Sworn Testimony.

What makes this story good is that it is true. A lawsuit involving a barge had been brought. The plaintiff aimed to prove that the barge was so ill-constructed that when it was launched the middle sank nearly five feet deeper than the ends. They depended a good deal on a colored man who can be known as Charley, because that was his name. Charley was known to have said on a certain day that the barge had sunk fully five feet. Indeed, he admitted as much to a lawyer who was attorney for the plaintiff. At the trial this was the way the questions and answers were put:

"Charley, how did the barge set on the water when it was launched?"

"Set like a duck, Jedge; jes' like a duck."

"But didn't you say on the 17th of last June that the barge had sunk fully five feet?"

"I mout hev, Jedge; I mout hev."

"Well, how does it happen, Charley, that on the 17th of last June you said the barge floated like a duck?"

"Well, you see, Jedge, on the 17th of June er' I was jes' a-talkin', but now I was a-swearin', Jedge; now I'se a-swearin'."

The Engineer's Revenge.

"That reminds me," said an old locomotive engineer, sitting in the rear of the car, "of a time I saw a fellow and a girl ahead of me on the track. I whistled, but they did not look around. I whistled again but still they would not look. I felt that it was too late to reverse, but I did it. After I had reversed and the engine was struggling to back and the steam was screaming and the wheels sliding, the fellow and his girl walked off the track, and that fellow put his fingers to his nose at me. I got out in a minute. The fireman was sprinkling the coal with water from the boiler. It was scalding hot. I seized that nozzle and, as we passed the couple, I drenched them with that scalding water. I never met them on the track again, although I ran back and forth there for ten years."

MARIE, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gasping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude, that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was mad in rage, and as each head fell she laughed in fiendish ways express delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat, who received no charity when I humbly sued to her."

Such expression of the kind would create a shrug from those who heard her. But no thoughtful person must wonder how so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her hand to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Agreed, lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd that they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh, I'm called the Beggar-Girl of Paris."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

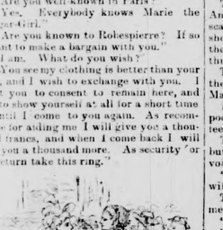
"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Marie the Beggar-Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and to show yourself at all for a short time, until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."



"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME RICH."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it to the beggar girl. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled, and said:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on, and go where I can meet you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that wont be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the Beggar-Girl of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had taken actions to the remorseless fiends of the Republic, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few months before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady, and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the place where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She ever forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform, and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this moment the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps.

Grasping her brother by the hand she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away, woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you."

"I am Marie; don't you know me?"

"The beggar-girl?"

"Ay."

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."



"IT IS MY BROTHER."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes, I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad.

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as had been promised."

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so, it was a fiend of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly imperilled her own life to save him by representing the "Beggar-Girl of Paris."

The Dear Old Soul.

The old lady who entered a train at a country station had an anxious face and soon confided to her neighbor the fact that she had but once before been on a railroad train. The lines on her forehead appeared to deepen as the hours went on, and every time the train stopped she inquired: "Is this Montreal?"

"S'posin' this train would be late," she said; "mebby Lyddy would think I was'n comin'."

"Did you tell her which train you would take?"

"Oh, yes; I made sure to tell her to meet me at the Montreal afternoon train. They isn't more'n one train, is they?"

She was calm for a while after the neighbor had assured her she would try to help her find Lyddy, but presently she remarked. "How'll I let 'em know I want so git off at Montreal?" Just then the conductor passed and she seized him by the coat sleeve, exclaiming. "Look here, mister, I've got to land in Montreal. Won't you please stop the train for me when we git there?"

"All right, ma'am," said the man soberly.

"You'll not forgit?"

"Trust me for that. I'll remember sure."

"Thank you kindly sir," she answered gratefully. "I'm much obliged."

And the man did not smile till he left her.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A New Shoulder Cape.

These directions are for knitting a shoulder cape which commends itself as especially adapted for wear over puffed sleeves, and stiffened bodice garniture. Either midnight or Spanish knitting yarn can be used, with rather slender bone or wooden needles. A lighter and more fleecy cape can be made of split zepher and coarser needles. The cape is in two parts, a narrow upper part or yoke, and a deep flounce or ruffle. The stitch somewhat resembles railroad stitch.

Cast on 32 stitches.

1st row—Knit 8, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 4.

2d row—Knit 5, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8.

Repeat these rows till a strip is formed of sufficient length to reach around the shoulders. Commence at the edge having the narrowed rib and knit once across. Drop the first two stitches, knit 7, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 4.

Now each dropped stitch should be ravelled to the end of the strip. Turn and bind off loosely, making a long loop stitch over each stitch dropped. This edge is made to fit the neck with a cord or narrow ribbon run through the meshes formed by the open row of stitches just below the loops. For the lower part or ruffle:

Cast on 41 stitches.

1st row—Knit 8, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 4.

2d row—Knit 5, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8. Repeat these rows until the strip is of sufficient length to give the required fullness. Drop two stitches, knit 7, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1; knit 8, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 4.

Ravel each dropped stitch to the end of the strip. Turn and bind off loosely, making a long looped stitch over each stitch dropped. Full this edge and sew it to the lower end of the yoke, gathering it quite a good deal fuller over the shoulders. Fasten at the neck with cord and tassel or with ribbon and bow.

Your Husband's Mother.

I will not call her your mother-in-law. I like to think that she is your mother-in-love, writes Ruth Ashmore in a very earnest article. She is your husband's mother, and therefore yours, for his people have become your people. There have been vulgar jests, ridiculous songs and coarse puns about the husband's mother ever since any of us can remember, but in how many households is the husband's mother an angel, not in disguise but appreciated and loved? Now, will you take my advice and call her what your husband does? Will you treat her just as you do your own mother, not being afraid to tell her of your little affairs, receiving her as one of your own, and making her feel happy in the fact that she has not lost a son but gained a daughter, and a loving considerate daughter? Will you remember this, too—that before you came your husband was all in all to his mother? And sometimes when she comes to see you won't you leave those two alone, and let them talk together as they did before the two became a trio? Don't make it evident that you are doing this, but go off for a little while and attend to some of your household duties.

Useful Recipes.

Snow Pudding.—Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a cup of cold water for half an hour, pour over it one pint of boiling water and, when dissolved, add three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar and one-half cup of lemon juice. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, strain into a basin, stand where it is cold, not only until the liquid has chilled, but has begun to form. It must be beaten until it is as white as snow before the eggs are added. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff, dry froth, beat them into the mixture and when thoroughly mixed, snowy white and stiff, turn into a mold previously wet with cold water. The liquid settles because it is not beaten sufficiently, or is beaten before it begins to form. It must be beaten stiff and foamy before the eggs are added, and then there is no danger of their rising.

Charlotte Russe.—Cover one-fourth of a box of gelatine with one-fourth of a cup of water and let stand for half an hour. Dissolve over hot water. Scald one cup of milk, add one cup of granulated sugar and stir until it is dissolved and the milk looks blue. Beat one egg very light, add to the milk, stirring all the while. Take from the fire, add the dissolved gelatine and strain. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and put away to cool. Whip one pint of cream, add it to the cooled custard, turn into a mold previously wet with cold water and stand away to harden. When ready to use turn out and cover with grated stale macaroons.

Corn Starch Blanc Mange.—Scald one quart of milk, moisten four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold milk and rub until smooth, and add to the milk with one cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Cook until the milk thickens; take from the fire, stir in the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Return to the fire and stir about two minutes, add the whites beaten to a stiff, dry froth; cook and stir for two minutes longer. Take from the fire, flavor and turn into a mould to cool.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—Before beginning the dressing, chill the plate, eggs and oil, even the fork. Put the yolks of two eggs, carefully freed from the whites, in a soup plate; add onehalf teaspoonful of salt and stir with a silver fork until the yolks are well broken and mixed; add the oil, drop by drop at first, being careful to always stir in the same direction, adding a drop of vinegar when needed—that is, when the oil and eggs show globules of oil, or to use the common expression, "look oily." As the emulsion becomes thick the oil may be added faster, always stirring, not beating, and adding only acid enough to keep the dressing from separating. Two eggs will take a pint of oil easily. When finished it should be thick and smooth. Season with salt and red pepper and lemon juice if necessary. A perfect mayonnaise should not be strongly acid, as that destroys the flavor of the oil.

French Dressing.—Put onehalf a teaspoonful of salt and onefourth of a teaspoonful of pepper in a bowl. Add three tablespoonfuls of oil and stir until the salt is dissolved. Then add one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, gradually stirring all the while. Stir until the vinegar and oil are thoroughly mixed and serve at once.

Sweetbread Salad.—Thoroughly wash the sweetbreads. Cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain, cover with cold water. As soon as cold enough to handle, remove all skin, and cut in pieces with a silver knife. For each pair of sweetbreads onehalf of a cup of mayonnaise dressing will be required. Mix the sweetbreads with the dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, or garnish with celery tops. Celery cut in pieces, as for chicken salad, can be mixed with sweetbreads if desired

ROMANCE OF A ROBBER.

His Wanderings After the Crime as Interesting as a Gaborian Tale.

To find, after toiling for a lifetime to save up a provision against old age, that the little fortune has been stolen is a catastrophe that may well awaken sympathy for the victims. In Paris (says our correspondent there) a small shopkeeper named Lepicier and his wife were about to retire from business in 1891 and live on the interest of £2,800 saved franc by franc, when on returning home after a Sunday out in the country they found that the nest-egg, consisting of bonds, had been stolen. Mme. Lepicier went out of her mind, and her husband, notwithstanding his great age, was compelled to go back to work, and without any prospect of retirement or even ease. The police in course of time learned that the stolen debentures had been negotiated by one Colery, living at Melun, and a man called Dietrich, alias Duchesnes, alias Darieux, ect., of Zurich. Dietrich had disappeared without leaving traces.

The police were more lucky with Colery. The story of his adventures and wanderings is as romantic as any chapter of Gaborian. Learning that the police were on his tracks he successively took the names of Leblance, Martin, Cornier and Saffrey and travelled all over Europe. His real name was ascertained to be Bellard, under which he had opened a bank La Banque Intermediaire, in the Rue Saint Marc. I remember it well. It had all the character of those bucket-shops which grew like mushrooms around the Paris Bourse. I remember one of his prospectuses, in which he invited investments from five francs upward too undertake time operations at the Bourse. Bellard lived with his wife, "La Grande Henriette," as she was nicknamed, in a sumptuous flat in the Rue Colbert. Henriette enjoyed an unenviable notoriety in the district, Bellard and his wife, who had disappeared, were tried by default for the robbery at Lepicier's and were sentenced each to thirty years' penal servitude. They received another sentence of twenty years for other robberies. Bellard learned of those sentences through the papers. He took refuge in America, where he became attorney's clerk, commission agent, victualler and horse-hold remover.

Later on, in Brazil, he made a fortune, in sugar plantations, having at one time 1,000 men under him. He was noted in Brazil for his generosity. He squandered his fortune, was ruined, returned to France, and there himself of as an officer, was killed right and left. He set up as a trainer under the name of Henri Cier and ran a horse, Bel Espoir, on suburban race-courses. He made some money, kept a fine apartment in Paris and a villa at the coast in Normandy. He fancied himself at last secure from the police and rode out in the Bois de Boulogne. He was recognized there the other day and was arrested.

An Emperor's Uncomfortable Life.

In spite of his high prerogatives and semi-divine attributes, Prof. Douglas thinks that there are probably few more miserable men in the world than the Emperor of China. One of the titles of this "Vicegerent of Heaven" is that of "The Solitary Man," and this, in Prof. Douglas's opinion, best describes his normal condition; for, although surrounded by flatterers, both male and female, the short span of life which commonly falls to the lot of the Son of Heaven has few of the comforts which usually belong to kings. At 2 o'clock in the morning, no matter whether the snow is deep on the ground or the summer dawn is just beginning to strike, his rest is disturbed to receive ministers, which by 3 or 5 he is prepared to witness a dramatic performance in the palace theatre or to offer sacrifice, according as the ritual might determine. Deprived of all personal knowledge of the outer world, the Emperor naturally falls into the hands of those who are best able to flatter and cajole him.

Chinese Politeness.

Whether or not the Chinese put a term insulting to Japan in their declaration of war against that country, they seem to be, under ordinary circumstances, the politest people on earth. A German traveler who has just returned from China, and who has been publishing his impressions of the Chinese people, declares that in writing a letter to a perfect stranger a Chinaman calls his correspondent "my elder brother." The letter begins with such a phrase as "May all the blessings of life be showered upon you, such is the wish of your imbecile junior."

In speaking of his own family the writer says, "We anta." The address on the top of the letter is, "From my humble cabin to the glorious Palace of Pearls of my elder brother," and the preamble is, "To my excellent and benevolent elder brother, who ascends the staircase of honors." At the end is the form, "The undersigned, your most obedient monkey, raises his hands in supplication to your Excellency in order that your Excellency may deign to approach the miserable ruins of our house." Finally, as a further token of humility, the signature of the writer is so small as to be almost illegible.

Druggists Come Handy.

Young Lady—"Have you a city directory here?"

Druggist—"Yes, madame."

Young Lady—"Please look through it, and find Mrs. Newsam's present location, and address this envelope to her. Here's two cents for the stamp."

FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Magic Scene in an Engine House When the Alarm Gong Sounds.

A visit to a city fire engine house is full of interest to every observer, and his interest swells to enthusiasm as he sees on every side the appliances which enable the firemen to respond instantly to an alarm and begin at once their beneficent labors. Attention is first attracted to the harness suspended from the ceiling and hanging just over where the horses are hitched on each side of the tongue or pole of the engine and hose carriage. This harness is light and simple, yet very strong and supplied with every means for immediately fastening it upon the horses. The collar is not put on the animal's neck by a series of tugs and twists, but, hinged at the top, it fastens at the throat with a strong spring catch, just as the bracelets, which were so extensively worn by the ladies a few years ago, were clasped around the wrist.

The bridle is always worn, and, except when feeding, the bit is kept constantly in the animal's mouth; the traces are never unhooked from the whiffletrees, and there are no breechen straps to be fastened; consequently, the process of harnessing is an extremely simple one. It is only necessary to let the harness fall upon the horses' backs, snap the collar together, clasp the lines to the bridle and hook the belly strap. Whenever two parts of harness have to be fastened together, the use of the time-delaying buckle is carefully avoided, snap hooks and spring clasps being substituted to effect the saving of even a few seconds. The harness is suspended from the ceiling by ropes and weights, much the same as windows are hung in houses. When the horses are in position beside the pole it is arranged by a clever device that when the driver on his seat lifts the reins, and then lets them fall backward, the weights are released and the harness falls directly on the horses' backs.

THE KNOWING HORSES.

In the rear of the apparatus are the stalls, the front end of which is hung on hinges and fastened to a powerful spring, so that when the pin in the hasp is released this door is immediately thrown open and the sagacious animal of his own accord runs at once to his place in front of the engine.

The striking of the large brass gong, which is a prominent feature in every engine house, accomplishes much more than merely calling the men and horses to their stations. The electric current in its circuit to the gong passes through a magnet which is fastened high up or the wall back of the stalls, and thereby releases a weight to which wires are attached leading to wire halter ropes, and to the brass pins, which fasten the stall doors. As soon as this weight drops the pin is jerked out of the hasp on the door, which is immediately thrown open by the spring before described; at the same instant the halter rope is unclasped and the animal has no difficulty in making his way out of his stall.

BY UNSEEN HANDS.

Then ensues the process of hitching up, after which the men take their positions on the engine and reel. But suppose the four large doors in the house are closed; they must be unlocked and opened. Not, however, by the slow process of unbolting each door and swinging it wide separately. A more instantaneous method is adopted. As the driver on his box lets the harness fall upon the horses by the simple act of lifting the reins, so, also, he has at hand easy means for throwing open the heavy entrance doors. Just beside his seat, to the right, depending from the ceiling, is a rope, one pull of which unbolts the doors and releases the heavy weights hung in the wall, which are attached to them, so that the doors swing apart as if of their own volition.

Twenty pounds of steam is kept always in the engine, although the fire in the grate itself is not lighted. The fuel is prepared and in order ready to light at a moment's notice, and this is done while on the way to the scene of the conflagration, but the water in the boiler is heated from an apparatus situated in the cellar by means of pipes, which project through the floor and fit closely to the fixtures of the engine. These pipes are not screwed or in any way fastened to the engine—if they were they could not be detached without loss of valuable time—but fit snugly, and when called out in service the engine simply pulls away from them.

THE MEN'S QUARTERS.

The second floor is the home of the men. The front room is the sleeping apartment, where single iron bedsteads are placed in rows alongside of the walls, leaving a wide aisle in the centre. Near the front and rear of this room two brass poles project from the engine room below and a hole is cut in the floor of sufficient size to allow plenty of room for a man to slide down one of them to the first floor, for if any of the men are in the upper room they cannot spare the time to run down by the stairs at the sounding of the alarm, but adopt the second-saving method of vertical descent.

Ordinarily the opening through the floor around each of the poles is closed by two semi-circular doors bolted to the ceiling of the apparatus room, but the same device which loosens the halter ropes and pulls the pins out of the hasps of the stall doors also releases the fastenings of these coverings and they fall open of their own weight. Many of the engine houses are fitted up with gymnasium, library and reading room, the furnishings of which are presented by appreciative citizens are testimonials of their interest in the welfare of the brave men who are ever ready to face danger or even risk their lives to protect persons and property in peril. The rooms as well as everything else around are models of neatness—good order must and does prevail in an engine house. There is a place for everything and everything can always be found in its accustomed place.

One of the men was asked if it was possible for the company to leave the house in response to an alarm within forty seconds of the time it was received. The question thought that less than three-quarters of a minute was indeed short enough time in which to hitch up four horses and clothe many other things necessary before starting for a fire. Imagine his surprise when the fireman answered nonchalantly that fifteen seconds was sufficient time in which to make ready, and that frequently the company had gotten out in twelve seconds.

His Boy's Profession.

"I don't believe in opposing the preferences of a son in the matter of choosing a profession," said an indulgent father.

"Nor I," said another father.

"Has your son chosen his profession?"

"Well, in a way."

"What is it?"

"Why, he was stage-struck, and insisted that he was 'born for the boards,' as he expressed it; and so I apprenticed him to a carpenter!"

SOME CURIOUS SUICIDES.

HOW SOME PEOPLE SHUFFLE OFF THIS MORTAL COIL.

The Case of the Wilson Party—A Wife Who Helped Her Husband to Suicide—Hereditary Suicides—The Season for Suicides.

To meet again some of the more remarkable suicides which have had place in the column of newspapers of late is interesting, classified more or less scientifically under various types. The majority, perhaps, like the case at Manchester not long ago of the bridegroom who shot himself at his wedding breakfast, apparently from a mere artistic appreciation of dramatic contrast, are simply irrational, and represent only one form of a family degeneracy which might have shown itself in insanity, epilepsy, drink, etc. But other cases are undeniably rational, and make "the usual verdict" a ridiculous sham. Does anybody feel anything but pity and admiration where suicide is accepted as the alternative to a more dishonourable fate, as in the incident which Miss Christina Rossetti immortalized in her poem, "In the Round Tower at Jhansi"? Or in the recent instance of

THE ILL-FATED WILSON PARTY,

who kept the last shot in their revolvers for themselves, and used it when the Matabele at last broke into their circle? But another recent case makes the challenge of moral justifiability with a more tragic intensity still. Only the other day a well-known and highly respected literary man, who was on the brink of death from an incurable disease, put a termination to his sufferings by shooting himself dead. His wife, who was devoted to him, and who was present when he committed the act, was asked at the inquest whether she could not have prevented it. Her answer was that she could, but that she would have considered herself a contemptible coward had she done so. She also stated that, at his request, she had removed her husband's false teeth preparatory to his shooting himself through the palate. As our law stands, this lady might have been indicted for murder. Of course, nothing of the sort was thought of. But is it possible to conceive a more tragic and pitiful situation?

NOTHING LIKE IT IN FICTION

or drama but the dreadful final scene of Ibsen's "Ghosts." The case of the Wilson party, of whom only a few survivors are said to have died by their own hand, is altogether put into the shade by the earliest recorded instance of what may be called suicide by platoons; that of Eleazar and the whole garrison of Massada, after the fall of Jerusalem, when unable to hold out longer against Titus. After killing off their wives, "choosing ten men by lot of their number to do execution upon all the rest, they ranged themselves as near as they could to the dead bodies of their friends, gave them a parting embrace, and cheerfully presented their throats to those who were to do the inhuman office. So soon as the ten had with a mighty resolution, discharged their part, they cast lots among themselves which of the remaining ten should despatch the other nine, with a condition that the surviving tenth man should kill himself upon the bodies of the rest, such a confidence had these people in one another. The nine died with the same courage as the rest. The last man overlooked the bodies, and finding that they were all stark dead set fire to the palace, and so cast himself upon his sword among his friends. . . . The number of the slain was 960, reckoning women and children into the account." The Romans were as much impressed as the Matabele in the case of the Wilson party.

ONE OF THE OLDEST FORMS

of suicide is the hara-kiri of the Japanese and Chinese. A man insults you; you say, like an angry child, "Very well—shan't play any more," and rip up your stomach before his eyes, apparently for the mere gratification of subjecting him to a disgusting spectacle. It would have given a thorough Oriental turn to the war in Korea if both nations had simultaneously, on the outbreak of the quarrel, performed hara-kiri just to mortify each other.

Many are the curiosities of suicide by imitation and from hereditary impulse. Dr. Strahan quotes from Dr. Hammond the following extraordinary family history —a Rougon-Macquart series indeed: "A gentleman well to do in the world, but with a slight hereditary tendency to insanity, killed himself in the thirty-fifth year of his age, by cutting his throat while in a warm bath. No cause could be assigned for the act. He had two sons and a daughter—all under age at the time of his death. The family separated, the daughter married. On arriving at the age of thirty-five, the eldest son cut his throat while in a warm bath, but was rescued ere life was extinct. At about the same age the second son succeeded in killing himself in the same way. The daughter, in her thirty-fourth year, was found dead in a bath-tub with her throat cut. Her son, at the age of twenty-seven, attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat while in a bath at his hotel in Paris, but did not succeed. The next son, at the age of twenty, he made a similar unsuccessful attempt, but was again saved. A year after he was found in his bath with his throat cut from ear to ear."

SPRING IS THE SEASON FOR SUICIDES

as well as for sales. People prefer for this purpose, as statistics show, day to night, and Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, to Saturday and Sunday. In a word, suicides prefer the early part of the week, month, and year. It would follow, seemingly, that anybody with a melancholic friend should look after him carefully on the first Monday in May. Men kill themselves twice, three or four times more often than women, except in Spain. Women generally "do it beautifully," men crudely. Ruthland and Sussex are the most suicidal counties, North Wales and Beds the least. Saxony is the most suicidal country in Europe, and the least so is—the "unhappy country?" Ireland's rate is 24 per million to Saxony's 469! Among the triumphs of civilization must be reckoned the Infant Suicide. The Registrar-General has lately added a column to his tables for suicides "from five to ten years!"

Tells From the Look.

Old engineers tell queer stories about the traits of their locomotives, and nothing is more common among them than the allegation that the engines get tired and fretful after a long drive. But it is a round-house superintendent who says that he can tell from the look and action of a locomotive how long it has been out and how far it has run.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, ...Editor and Proprietor.
SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 per year.

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The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

Of the North-West weeklies, none have improved more of late than the *Progress*, published at Qu'Appelle, which is edited and printed quite in the spirit of the age.

The Prince Albert Advocate suggests as a special feature for the Territorial Exhibition, the holding of a convention of residents from all parts of Manitoba and the Territories to discuss Hudson's Bay Railway matters.

Brandon farmers within a ten-mile radius of the city are making enquiries with a view to establishing a creamery next season. The Moose Jaw creamery last season received cream by train from a distance of thirty-five miles, and the patrons were well satisfied with the results.

At a meeting of the Ontario Grand Board of the Patrons of Industry held last week, a proposal to form a Central Dominion executive for the purpose of dealing with subjects of federal interest was approved. The proposal is to be dealt with at the next general conference of the representatives of provincial boards.

By resolution of the Council of Public Instruction, a majority of the ratepayers having petitioned therefor, the name of "The School District of Maple Creek Protestant Public School District No. 80 of the North West Territories," has been changed to "The Maple Creek Public School District No. 80, etc."

THE TIMES heartily endorses the reappointment of Mr. Sevmour Green as secretary-treasurer of the Moose Jaw school board. Mr. Green has proven an honest, efficient and painstaking official, and these qualities for a public servant constitute a valid claim for re-engagement. So long as the services of an official give every satisfaction it is poor policy to inaugurate changes.

Some weeks since we reproduced the *Macleod Gazette's* unvarnished opinion of the Macleod town council. The *Fort Qu'Appelle Vidette* is less outspoken in passing estimate upon its municipal fathers, but when it says it is "pleased to learn that the two candidates for the reeveship are men who have been unconnected with the council during the past two years," no flattery can be distinguished in the remark.

In the London, Eng., Chamber of Commerce, at a meeting called to protest against certain actions of American dead meat shippers, Sir Isaac K. Rollit declared that the trade in London must do its utmost to increase the supplies of meat from Canada, the colonies and such countries as Denmark. The cause of complaint against the Americans, is that syndicates and monopolies in the States are strangling the life out of the trade, and endeavoring to manipulate the English markets to satisfy their grasping appetites.

In another column we reproduce a letter written by Dr. Pennefather, a well-known Winnipeg physician and a life-long Conservative, which very lucidly defines the cause of the great change in political sentiment that has overspread Canada during the past two or three years, and which culminated in the organization of the Patrons of Industry. The desire for the well being of the nation is stronger than friendly feeling for a party, although it is sometimes difficult for the fact to become manifest. Dr. Pennefather's writing, while especially bearing upon conditions in Manitoba, is similarly applicable to the Territories.

THE FAIR FOR '95.

The differences between Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh and the representatives of the people of Regina, having apparently been bridged over, preparations for holding the Territorial Fair during the coming summer are now being pushed forward in a manner that presages the greatest possible success that may be realized under the circumstances. While firmly believing that the fair will be held one year too soon,—that active work from now until the summer of 1896 would ensure a far larger measure of success than can be attained in 1895,—yet if the controllers have decreed that '95 is the year for it, not another word of hinderance will be heard from this quarter. We all are interested in the project, and we should all lend every possible aid to secure a fitting culmination for what was undoubtedly a happy thought of His Honor.

"Capital," in his letter from Regina last week, detailed the progress that had been made in the furtherance of preparations; and our readers will from time to time, as the scheme approaches fulfilment, be kept acquainted with all points of interest in regard thereto.

PUT IT OUT OF FASHION.

Conscientious endeavor can never be made in vain, yet it must be confessed that the watched for results following ever so earnest newspaper writing, seldom ends in aught but the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." From a marked exception to the rule, therefore, must be extracted gratification to compensate for a long list of disappointments. THE TIMES recent article denouncing campaign canvassing attracted widespread attention and approval. That, of course was nothing new:: but in Regina the impression of the article imprinted itself so firmly on the minds of several of the candidates for municipal honors as to result in the entire abstinence of all of the candidates from personal canvassing. There was one or two who failed to see harm in canvassing, but the influence of those who had been brought to see the harm of it, carried the day, and as one candidate wrote in an election card, "Canvassing has gone out of fashion in Regina." Were canvassing driven out of fashion throughout the dominion, the tone of our public life would be immeasurably raised thereby, for high-minded men would not then shrink from contests for public honor.

MUNICIPAL AUDITING.

Some weeks ago THE TIMES said, "we believe that in the engage-"ment of a government auditor to "thoroughly investigate the books "of municipalities throughout the "country, money would not be "mis-spent." This proposition is receiving favor in the province of Manitoba, and a Winnipeg gentleman well versed in municipal matters suggests the appointment of a provincial municipal auditor whose duty it would be to audit annually the books of municipalities and send in reports to the government and municipal councils on his findings. By the appointment of a capable official and making these audits compulsory, he believes it would not only effect a large saving annually to the municipalities, but would result in raising the standard of municipal officers and improve the method of keeping the accounts. This gentleman does not accuse officers of dishonesty, but feels satisfied that shortages are accounted for principally because of lack of knowledge, and consequently method and system, in keeping accounts.

Commenting upon the recommendation the Tribune says:

"There might be cases where discrepancies exist, and where the officer was not cognizant of the facts. If there was a permanent municipal auditor moving about from municipality to municipality inspecting the books and keeping a sharp eye on all that was going on, we believe that it would lead to a reformation in the system of municipal book-keeping and would prevent great losses to municipalities. The fact that an inspection of the books was certain every year would serve to make the secretary-treasurers more careful and keep their accounts in proper shape. If such an officer were appointed he could send in his reports to the government as well as to the municipal councils interested, and thus a double check could be kept upon the secretary-treasurer. It is not so much because there might be dishonest secretary-treasurers, as that blunders are sure to arise with men who are not trained to look after accounts, and if these blunders were corrected promptly no serious consequences would be likely to ensue. It has been pointed out that the expense of such an officer would be little, if any, greater than the cost of one or two special audits, which usually take place each year. It has been suggested that the municipalities might regard the interference of such an official into their affairs as arbitrary, but it is believed that the common sense of the people would appreciate such a move as being designed in their best interests. We understand that in British Columbia such a system exists and has been found to work admirably."

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R. BOGUE.

VERY ENTICING.

Mr. Francis Wayland Glen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has the kindness to send to THE TIMES, with his compliments, a copy of Senator Gallinger's already well-advertised resolution, which invites Canadians to be absorbed in the United States. The resolution was introduced in the U. S. Senate on Dec. 18th last, was referred to the committee on Foreign relations and ordered to be printed, and it reads as follows:

"Whereas we believe that the political union of the two great English-speaking communities who now occupy and control North America will deliver the continent from the danger of war and securely dedicate it to peaceful industry and progress; lessen the per capita cost of government and defense; insure the rapid development of its boundless natural resources; enlarge its domestic and foreign commerce; unite all interests in creating a systematic development of its means of internal communication with the seaboard by rail and water east and west; protect and preserve its wealth, resources, privileges, and opportunities as the undisputed heritage of all; immensely add to its influence, prestage and power; promote extend, and perpetuate government by the people, and remove forever the causes most likely to seriously disturb cordial relations and kindly intercourse with the motherland: Therefore,

Resolved, That we invite the Canadian people to cast in their lot with their own continent, and assure them that they shall have all the continent can give them. We will respect their freedom of action, and welcome them when they desire it into an equal and honorable union."

Mr. Gallinger draws a fairly presentable picture, and were it an absolutely faithful portrayal of what Canada would gain by union, it is likely that Canadians would not view annexation with the intense distaste which as a unanimous body of people they at present evince. "Deliver the continent from the danger of war." If we felt the remotest danger of war that argument might have a little weight, still, even were Canada threatened with war, we could rely quite as securely upon the protection of the nation with which we are now united, and which is immeasurably stronger than the power Mr. Gallinger offers to shield us with. "Securely dedicate it to peaceful industry and progress." Mr. Gallinger must be possessed of a vast forgettulness. The causes which led to the Pullman strike of last summer, with its awful consequences; to the coal miner's strike of last year; to the Coxeyite armies that marched upon Washington less than a year ago;—the causes are still at work. There is also that menace of peace, the hostile attitude towards each other of the white and black population of the south. Compared with Canada's Indian wards, Uncle Sam's Indians are troublesome. Even now there is reported ugliness among the Indians at Pine Ridge and other Dakota and Nebraska agencies. Mr. Gallinger is over estimating the means at the command of Congress when he promises to securely dedicate Canada to peaceful industry. The U.S. government already has more internal trouble than it is able to cope with. "Lessen the per capita cost of government and defense"—Many Canadians believe the cost of government can be reduced much more simply and quickly than by changing the constitution; annexation would not lessen cost of defence, because that cost to Canada is at a minimun; the Imperial government bears the cost of our coast defences. "Insure the rapid development of its boundless natural resources."—This is surely flattery. The common impression at Washington is that Canada is simply a vast field of ice and snow, with, perhaps a few iron deposits, and some valuable fishing preserves. THE TIMES believes that annexation would immediately and materially aid in the rapid development of Canada's resources; but we believe a simpler and more acceptable remedy may be found to work the same good. Free Trade would do it, but as there is not in our public life a man bold enough to advocate a policy of free trade, we must content ourselves with the next best thing, viz., a tariff for revenue only.

The balance of Mr. Gallinger's resolution contains some high-sounding phrases; but, as a prominent Canadian statesman was once wont to say, "there ain't nothin' to it."

Borrowed Trouble at Estevan.

On a telegram from the Mounted Police at Estevan, Detective Leach at Winnipeg on Thursday last arrested John Nicholas, who arrived in the city during the day. The accused was wanted at Estevan to answer to a charge of false pretences. An officer arrived in Winnipeg to escort the prisoner back to Estevan.

Information Asked.

James Turner, St. Olive Avenue, Toronto, when remitting his subscription to THE TIMES, mentioned that he meditates removing to this district next spring, being owner of a farm near Moose Jaw. He says: "I would like you to tell me about the average yied of farm produce, and if farming will pay in Moose Jaw District."

Will some well-informed reader send to Mr. Turner the desired information.

THE TIMES will gladly publish such for the benefit of him and others.

A Natty Calendar.

"Winter and Summer" were never more charmingly pictured than they are this season on Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendar. This calendar is made in the shape of a heart and is ornamented with two child faces, lithographed in bright and natural colors, one peeping out amid the snow flakes, from a dainty cap, and the other lighted up with all the glory of the summer sunshine. The usual information about the lunar changes and other astronomical events is given, and the calendar besides being "a thing of beauty" is also useful every day in the year. It may be obtained at the druggist's, or, if his supply is exhausted, six cents in stamps should be sent to C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass., who will forward a calendar free. For ten cents two calendars will be sent.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Did You Ever Play Hockey?

Hockey is the most popular winter sport in Canada, taking the place of Lacrosse. Lightning speed and a level head are the two principal qualities required by successful exponents of this popular game. Each team is composed of seven players, namely: goal-keeper, point, cover point, and four forwards. Each player is armed with a stick about four feet long, bent at the end. The puck is about the size of a box of blacking, made of rubber. The sport is not unlike the old fashioned game of "shinney." To start the game the puck is placed in the centre of the rink, the two centre men draw up on either side, the rubber is placed between their sticks, the latter are raised and tapped together lightly three times. On the last tap the puck is started, the man getting it first having the advantage.

The forwards immediately close in and the rubber flys from player to player with the speed of lightning. An exciting struggle ensues to put the puck through the goal. The play is fierce and hot, all fourteen players working like trojans. Shot after shot is poured in, but the goal keepers prove veritable stone walls and stop lightning shots. Cracks like pistol shots are heard continually as the sticks come in contact—the checking is heavy. Only the most expert skaters can stand the shocks and some players spend a good deal of their time on the ice.

At last the puck is carried down the rink by some brilliant team play or a splendid run is made by some individual, a magnificent shot is made, the umpire's hand goes up, and the game is over. At once the pent-up enthusiasm of the spectators gives way and a mighty cheer goes up; men shout, and even the fairer sex manifest their delight by the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping their dainty hands.

All the crack teams of Canada intend to compete for the valuable trophies offered by the carnival committee at Ottawa, during the week commencing Jan. 21st and a large number of visitors are expected to witness the series of games.

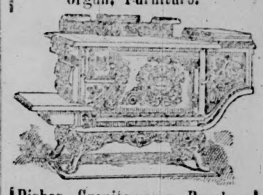
Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

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STOCK, BUSINESS & PROPERTY.

Stoves, Silverware, Glass, Piano, Organ, Furniture.



Dishes, Granite ware, Brushes, Paints, Oils, Hardware, Tinware, Etc.

Store, House and Lot, also 4 separate lots close to business portion of the town.

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Fresh meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

FISH AND POULTRY.

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GENERAL BLACKSMITH.
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These goods are similar to home spun, and of good wearing quality.

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	FROM NEW YORK.
New York—American Line	Jan. 2
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State of California	Jan. 3
State of Nebraska	Jan. 24
Ryland—Red Star Line	Jan. 2
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Cabin, $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80. Intermediate, $25 to $35; Steerage $20 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest Railway or Steamship Agent, to

J. K. STEVENSON, Agent, Moose Jaw.
Or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agt., Winnipeg.

The Old Rail Fence.

The old rail fence with aimless angles
Curved round the scented fields of old;
And wild, blown vines in quaintest tangles
Bloomed there in purple and in gold,
And winds went o'er, cool and sweet,
With misery ripples in the wheat.

The white road to the river knew it—
The river running wild and fleet,
A cabin bath went winding to it,
With light prints of a boy's bare feet,
And cattle in the woods at morn
Roamed by and nipped the bending corn.

In corners cool the plowman rested
When rang the welcome bells at noon;
And there the thrush and patridge nested
And sang the mocking birds of June,
And winds were sweet with muscadines,
And blooms were on the melon vines.

There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,
And o'er the riot of the rills
When starlight on the world was streaming
Rose the love song of whippoorwills,
And with the music and the stars
Love met his sweetheart at the bars.

There, with the evening shadows falling,
In cabin door a woman standing;
And far and sweet her voice is calling
And children heed the beckoning hands,
There for the weary cries that roam
Twinkle the dreamy lights of home.

* * *

The corn still waves and vines are clinging
The larks are hid in bending grain;
The birds sing as my heart is singing.
Where, lonely in the woodland rain,
The old rail fence—its service o'er—
Curves round the blossoming fields no more.

Yet, there I halt my horse, and sighing,
Above the old rail fence I lean,
The snows upon life's pathway lying,
Have left one living glimpse of green;
And still, though change of time and art,
The old rail fence runs round my heart.

—FRANK L. STANTON.

BREAKING FROM PARTY.

A Timely Letter From a Prominent Winnipegger.

SIR.—Now that the Dominion and local elections cannot be much longer delayed, the aspect of affairs in this province calls forevery serious consideration from all those interested in its welfare, and more especially from those who dwell within its borders. There are many like myself, old country folk, Tories from their cradle, as our fathers were before us, and who naturally, on coming to this country, gave in our adhesion to that party, representative of Conservatism in the land of our birth. But the time is come for us to weigh all the wisdom of allowing ourselves to be further led astray by mere party cries, having no significance to the meaning of the words as understood by us in our mother land. We came out here to better ourselves, or in the majority of instances to advance the interests of our children, with what results? I know not of a single instance where the hopes have been realized. Those who were able soon left the province in disgust, the few who are in that happy position of pecuniary ability to carry out their wishes are preparing to shake off the fertile soil of Manitoba and go back to English clay, and those who have spent their all in the vain hope of a brighter future are yearly sinking deeper into the slough of despond. What is the cause? Not the climate; there is none better adapted for the hardy Saxon race. Not the barren soil; a more fertile one does not exist on the earth's surface. With these inducements to attract settlers, what is the cause of the collapse of immigration? Of this stampede from the province? For the present miserable condition of the country we can only blame our rulers. The so-called national policy which eastern statesmen cling to, while building up collosal fortunes for eastern merchants, and traders, is blighting the immediate future of this the fairest jewel of the Dominion. It has done what the late Sir John Macdonald claimed could not be accomplished; it has assuredly *checked* Manitoba's growth so far as legislation can do so. It has extinguished that vigorous and rapid growth for which there was such an abundant promise. The tariff rates and grinding monopolies have thrown a thick black cloud over the land and wherever you turn gloomy forebodings and discontent prevail. The Canadian Pacific railway, in the depth of winter, all the necessaries of life at their highest price, are discharging their hands by hundreds. This mighty corporation is compelled to take the bread out of the mouths of its employees to in some measure balance the serious decrease in the earnings of the line. The farmers are hauling around their beef glad to sell it for one penny halfpenny or twopence a pound. A brilliant inducement to go into mixed farming under present conditions. Their necessities this year compelled them to part with their grain as soon as possible, and advantage was taken of this to purchase it at the lowest figure. Now that the grain is out of their hands the price is rising—flour is advancing, bread is getting dearer, and perhaps by next harvest the monster milling companies will be able to congratulate themselves that the sale of the bran, shorts and sweepings paid for the price of the wheat and the expense of milling. The advice as to mixed farming is no doubt sound and good, and its effect will be speedily felt when the government of the day gives to this essentially agricultural province, and its geographical position, that consideration and encouragement its advancement demands. Inherent within its confines are all the elements of wealth and prosperity, marred by plundering and blundering legislation, and it is time that all those interested in Manitoba's future should break away from the line of party politics and support neither Conservative or Liberal as such, unless prepared to advocate a just and generous policy towards the province, where our lot and that which is dearer to us, the lot of our children, is cast. It is admitted that if the farmers are prosperous all are doing well. Yet the farmer is pillaged on all sides. If he requires temporary accomodation in a pecuniary way, he is compelled to enter into the grinding jaws of the money lender. If he wants to sell he is entrapped in the meshes of the various coutones, all fattening on his vitals. He has to part with the produce of his labor at a minimum figure. Tariff and transit rates have placed the necessaries of life, and the requisites for carrying on his agricultural operations at ruinous prices. The manitoba farmer is handicapped on all sides. I by no means advocate that a man is to change his political faith, and from being a Conservative turn Grit or Liberal: but I contend that until this province is in better shape we should, regardless of party, support those representatives who will fearlessly and vigorously contend for Manitoba's rights, and be content with only the fullest measure. Strict party lines may, and no doubt do, eminently suit the eastern provinces. The observance has been of little benefit to Manitoba. Many are regarding with great interest the growth of the Patrons of Industry. Invaluable to the province and to the farmers will this organization be, provided they hold themselves entirely independent of either party, and not allow themselves to become the tools of any selfish aspirant for political honors; but give their individual support to representatives who will seek redress for their grievances. If the entire farming community would pull together in the closest cohesion, animated by one desire, the attainment of one end, the selection of competent and reliable representatives to both Dominion and local houses; it may be a long pull but, if it be a strong pull and a pull altogether, they will in the end be victorious. Our representation in the Dominion house is very weak, and our influence hitherto feeble, but we have many examples of what a few determined spirits may accomplish. The future of Manitoba for some time to come largely depends on those who are now chosen representatives for the new parliament.

J. T. PENNEFATHER,

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF IT!

Milk on the Free List in the New American Tariff—But Duty on Cans Shuts Out the Canadian Farmer.

NIAGARA FALLS, Jan. 4—Efforts of trading farmers of Welland County to establish supply depots for the purpose of supplying milk to Buffalo milkmen have failed because of the attitude of the custom officials on both sides, but particularly those of Canada. Milk is on the free list in the new American tariff, although dutiable at 30 per cent. coming to Canada. But both countries maintain a duty on the cans in which the milk is conveyed, Welland County farmers claim that they have a market in Buffalo for all they can supply; that the Buffalo dealers offered to furnish cans free; but the Hon. N. C. Wallace, Controller of Customs, has advised the representative of the Welland farmers that if American manufactured cans are used duty will have to be paid for each time the cans enter Canada, and this means a payment of about 60 cents on each ten-gallon can, besides the entrance. The Controller of Customs advises that the Buffalo milkmen have their cans made in Canada, where tin plate is cheaper, have them stamped and registered and then there would be no difficulty. But the farmers reply that the Buffalo milkmen already have the cans and want only the milk; that if the cans were made in Canada the regulation as to the duty would be the same each time the can reached the American side, and it would only then be a question as to which Government collected the duty. The Canadian manufacturers might have some profits on the half hundred cans supplied, but the American Government would reap the duty collected. Meanwhile a profitable trade in milk is prevented and the question is likely to be one of the principal features in the coming election campaign in the county.

The Empire Newspaper.

It has been generally understood for some time past that some change was being made in the control of The Empire, and in Saturday's paper, announcement was made that a syndicate of wealthy and influential men had secured a controlling interest, with the intention of taking an active part in its publication and management. The syndicate is composed of: W. R. Brock, Esq., of W. R. Brock & Co., President Canadian General Electric Co.; Hon. Senator Sanford, President Sanford Manufacturing Co.; Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Vice-President Dominion Bank; Thos. Long, Esq., President Great Northern Transit Co.; Col. John I Davidson, of Davidson & Hay, Vice-President Bank of Commerce; Warring Kennedy, Esq. of Samson, Kennedy & Co., Mayor of Toronto; H. Cargill, M.P., of Cargill; A. F. Gault, of Gault Bros., Montreal, President Dominion Cotton Mills Co.; D. Morrice, of D. Morrice, Sons & Co., Montreal; R. A. Lucas, of Lucas, Steele & Bristol, Hamilton; Frank J. Phillips, President Cobban Manufacturing Co. and Consolidated Plate Glass Co.; James Murray, Esq., St. Catharines; Frank Turner, C.E., Toronto; H. J. Scott, Q.C., Toronto; D. Creighton, Publisher, Toronto. This syndicate claims that it is the strongest ever formed in connection with a newspaper, and hints, that while all the members are strong supporters of the Conservative party and policy, the government will have no string upon the paper as it has had in the past. They say that "having a freer hand in political matters, it is their intention to make The Empire a business man's as well as a political paper."

Boharm Rare Bits.

What has become of Observer? We are anxious to hear about the Johnstons, Fowlers and Shepleys.

We hear Fowler has lost his cow, hens, dog, etc. Probably they struck his trail. Dick being well acquainted with it. The old adage, "Love me, love my animals."

Friend Davie has laid his bow and arrow away for the winter and is busy counting his gopher tails, and thinks he will have them counted by spring.

We understand our newly elected school trustee's election cost him $1.00.

What is the matter with our game guardian that he is not after F. W.? Antelope is very nice Fred., if you don't have to pay too much for the whistle.

Our Mr. Smith says, that owing to the roads and the shape of his horse, it will take him three weeks to make the round trip and no grumbling. Brother Elson is both willing and able to fill all vacancies.

As we were passing by a lone cabin on the prairie, we heard some sweet music in low tremulous tones, accompanied by a guitar, and peeping in we spied Mahlon singing to himself aloud and singing of the happy days gone by.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Dundurn Murmurs.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUNDURN, Jan. 7, 1895.—On Sunday last Ben Hur undertook a trip to the muskeg, this time on horseback, instead of the usual chariot; and under the influence of the warm day he began to meditate, when to his surprise he found himself circling as he was accustomed to in the chariot races of old. It is easily seen that he was at the last bee, for after a long ride he arrived at the new house of Russell Wilson where we expect he thought to meet Mr. Demmy again.

The society clowns gave an entertainment at the court house on New Years Eve, keeping the occupants up till the old year had become a thing of the past.

The Hon. a'Court lost his game rooster yesterday; it was a very valuable bird, one which he had lately imported from Ontario.

Conundrum.—What makes a pillow slip?

There was a dance and supper given by Mr. and Mrs. Mawson on New Years night to a number of their friends. Between the dances the usual number of songs and recitations were gone through with in a very creditable manner. We are in duty bound to make special mention of the songs sung by Messrs. Clarke and White, the former giving some laughable comic songs; while Mr. White accompanies himself on the guitar style with his violin, he has a very sweet tenor voice and when Ed. sings he is always greeted with an encore. After the dancing there were some very good athletic fetes performed in which Mr. John Mawson took the lead, closely followed by Mr. John Balfour. It was not till old Sol was shedding his rays over the beautiful snow-covered prairie that all departed for home, each acknowledging that they had never spent a more pleasant and happy New Years night, and we must say it would be very hard indeed to surpass Mr. and Mrs. Mawson as a host and hostess.

The new bells have arrived for the court house and shortly will be hung in the place prepared for them.

"A Fresh English Complexion."

That healthy pink and white might just as well be typical American complexion, if people would take reasonable care of their health. Ripans Tabules go to the root of your trouble, because a stomach in good order produces good blood.

A Baby Put in Jail.

At Trenton, Ont., last week Police Justice Coutier committed Mamie Ford a one-year-old baby, to the county jail as a disorderly person. The child belonged to Hattie Ford, who lived in a notorious part of the town, and was committed to jail for disorderly conduct. The warden refused to receive the child because it was not included in the commitment. A new commitment was made out including the child. Judge Woodruff asked the police justice how the baby had been disorderly, and the justice replied that it had cried in court during the mother's trial. Judge Woodruff asked the warden for humanity's sake to allow it to remain with the mother because it was sickly.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by W. W. Bole.



Safest, Simplest, Strongest, Solid Top Receiver. Lightest, Easiest Working, Most Accurate, Compact,

Most Modern and progressive

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WARRIMOO Feb. 16
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EMPRESS JAPAN Feb. 4
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For tickets and information apply to J. K. STEVENSON, Agent, Moose Jaw, or to ROBERT KERR, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Winnipeg.

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For tickets and further information apply to any of the company's agents, or H. J. BELCH, Ticket Agent, 486 Main St., Winnipeg. H. SWINFORD, General Agent, Winnipeg. CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul.

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—TRY—

J. MELHUISH,

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Tailoring!

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SUITINGS

Of the most stylish and latest patterns

—GO TO—

R. L. SLATER.

FURNITURE.

A Splendid Lot of Oak side boards, bedroom suits, and secretaries now in stock, also lounges, parlor suits, easy chairs, dining chairs, springs, cots, mattresses and all kinds of staple and fancy goods. Undertakers' supplies constantly on hand.

JNO. BELLAMY.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER Rejoice Together.

Five Year Old Maggie McRitchie, a Victim of Chronic Fainting Spells and Nervous Weakness, Completely Cured by South American Nervine After all Other Efforts had Failed. The Mother, a Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Indigestion, Likewise Cured. Hear What the Thankful Father Has to Say.



MRS. JAMES MCRITCHIE AND DAUGHTER.

A leading local physician, whose profession takes him among the children of the various public institutions, remarked to the writer, that one would hardly believe that so many children were affected by nervous troubles, which sap the system and prevent proper development. In many cases the doctors are powerless to cure these troubles. They can relieve the suffering little ones, but in South American Nervine we have a medicine that does more than simply give relief. Its peculiar strength is that it completely cures where physicians relieve. A case in point came to us the 24th ult., in a letter from Mr. James W. McRitchie of Bothwell, Ont. He says:—"My daughter Maggie, aged 9 years, was afflicted with nervous fainting spells for over a year, which left her in such a condition of weakness afterwards that the child was practically an invalid. We tried several remedies and doctored with her in one way and another, but nothing gave relief. Seeing South American Nervine advertised, as particularly efficacious in nervous diseases, I decided on trying it for her, and I must say that I noticed a decided change in my daughter for the better after she had taken only a few doses. As a result of using this medicine, she is now entirely free from those fainting spells and possessed of that life and brightness that is the happy lot of childhood. I am satisfied it is an excellent medicine for any nervous weakness. My experience has been further supplemented in the fact that my wife has also been using South American Nervine for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and has found very great relief."

Whether the patient be man or woman, young or old, South American Nervine provides a complete medium for restoration to health. It is a medicine differing absolutely from every other. A cure is effected by application to the nerve centres of the human system, and science has proved that when these nerve centres are kept healthy the whole body is healthy. For these reasons failure is impossible.

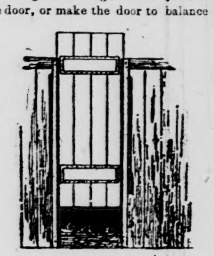
For Sale by W. W. BOLE,

Moose Jaw N. W. T.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Hanging a Stable Door.

In windy climates some other way of hanging the stable door than swinging it on hinges is greatly desired. A device to do this is shown in this engraving and can be made from the following description. For a doorway make a batten door in the usual manner, weigh it, and procure two square sash weights that together will just balance the door, or make the door to balance the



SECURELY HUNG STABLE DOOR.

weights. Purchase about eight yards of sash cord and two large sash pulleys. Place in position a frame made of two by eight inch plank having the pulleys near the top, and fit the door so that it will slide up and down without wearing the cord. Fasten the sash cords to the bottom of the door near the batten. On each side of the door fasten to the frame strips of inch square pieces to hold the door in position. The weights may slide up and down on the sides of the frame, which may project out far enough for the purpose or be boxed in to protect them and the cord from the weather. This method costs less than the common overhead hangers, is very durable, can be used for doors or shutters, and any farmer who is handy with tools can easily put it into practice.

The Disagreeable Cowey Odor in Milk.

Professor C. D. Smith has been studying some phases of the milk question and is of the opinion that much of the talk which has interested many dairymen in years past, about the gases in fresh milk which give it the peculiar "cowey" odor (which has been considered unavoidable) is exaggerated. He says that by preventing milk from coming in contact with the air, by milking through rubber tubes into cleat air tight cans, milk will keep a considerable time and while the characteristic flavor and odor of milk are present, when opened, there is no objectionable odor or "cowey" smell.

The keeping qualities of the milk thus treated are as good as if not better than the remainder of the milk which had been thoroughly aired. All this goes to show, what the Farmer and Homes have frequently urged, that much of the trouble with milk, which has been attributed to feed and other causes, is really contamination which the milk has received in the stable after it was drawn from the cow. Too much stress cannot be placed on the importance of pure air, at milking time especially. It has been known by dairy students for some time that all kinds of fermentation and decay are due to the minute bacteria floating in the air almost everywhere, and it is also known that the air in the stables and dairy rooms is laden with many of these organisms.

A foreign investigator found more bacteria in the air in the barn than in the air of a schoolroom stirred up by the children leaving the room. Avoid raising a dust just before milking. The air of a barn may be stirred up so much and so much dust raised by the feeding of hay to cattle just before milking that the milk will become seriously contaminated by bacteria. It is best not to feed until after the cows have been milked and the milk removed from the barn.

One of the difficult things for the teacher of dairy science to meet is the fact that so much depends upon such a simple and homely affair as cleanliness and pure air. There are many farmers who will go to a dairy meeting or an institute to receive information on methods of feeding, the chemical composition of feeding stuffs, nutritive rations, etc., but who feel provoked if the speaker deals in such a commonplace and petty affair as cleanliness. Yet it is something which needs to be continually enforced and about which too much cannot be said.

We have read an interesting article within a few days by one of the best dairy authorities in the world, in which a chapter was devoted to the cleanliness of clothes on the part of persons milking cows, and recommended that in order to secure the highest possible dairy product the men should have overalls and jumpers made of some washable fabric which could be kept clean, and that they should put these on whenever they are milking. Dust dropping from uncleaned udders is a fruitful cause of short lived milk. There would be less sour milk returned by the city contractors if more pains were taken on the farm.

The Milking Stool.

Overhaul the cow stable and put in complete order for the winter feeding.

Enlarge the feed bin if necessary, so that it will hold a big pile of meal.

By buying ground feed at ton rates a saving will be made. And by having feed on hand in ton lots the cows will be surer to be well fed.

When feed is bought a small quantity at a time, the natural result is that it is expected to last just so long and very often the cows are scrimped so as to make the feed "hold out."

We don't want the feed "held out" but "held in" good cows.

The best way to regulate the consumption of feed is to feed the cows all they require to do full work, and before the feed bin is near empty, fill it up.

Feeding cows is like manuring land, both require just so much to show best results; if a little more feed or manure is given, the loss is less than if a little less is given.

Frosty nights call for a little meal in the manger and a lot of straw on the floor.

Do you know which are your best cows? If you do they are the ones from which to get the calves to improve the herd.

Have you a feed cutter? When forage is scarce the cutter will enable you to economize in feed.

A feed cutter is useful even when forage is plentiful and cheap; cut feed will help to make a variety in feeding.

If the meal be sprinkled on cut hay it will prevent the cows from eating the meal too rapidly.

Corn and cob ground together will make a good butter ration if fed with clover hay, expensive bran need not be purchased.

Try some linseed meal with the fodder and corn meal. Linseed meal is a healthful food; it keeps the cow's system in order.

Butter is gradually advancing in price. The best butter rarely falls below the cost of production.

From the cow to the consumer should be the aim. And the time that elapses from the cow to the consumer should not be long.

And the man who owns the cow should be the one who deals with the one who eats the butter.

In trading for butter the storekeeper gives an average price for all he takes; if your butter is good it suffers in price on account of the bad butter he is compelled to receive.

By hunting up customers you may get from five to ten cents a pound more than you get in trade.

Then you can buy your groceries cheaper for cash and make a double saving.

If you get five cents more for your butter from private customers than you can in trade, you gain three cents on the price of butter and probably four or five cents more by buying your groceries for cash.

WISE INDIAN ELEPHANTS.

An Incident of the Great Intelligence of These Animals.

One day, says a writer of English military experience, a heavy gun stuck in the muddy bottom of a stream, and the tandem elephant was unhooked to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only bellowed and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud. At last, with piteous, shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron right on the muzzel.

"He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib," explained the mahout.

"Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to spoke the wheel."

"Promise him backsheesh, and he will."

"Very well."

The elephant carefully found a securer footing, curled his trunk round a lower spoke, and made the wheel revolve; then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backsheesh for his Hooshiar Hatti (wise elephant).

"You scamp! You want the backsheesh for yourself."

"No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backsheesh he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again."

"All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?"

"Come and see him fed this evening, sahib."

That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshiar Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, and round the fire stood huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter and sugar—purchased with the backsheesh for the Hooshiar's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it with a satisfied smack in his mouth.

"Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight. See him find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight, and when the Hooshiar took this cake by the edge an angry twinkle came into his wicked eye, and quick as lightning, he slapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass.

"See sahib," cried the man in glee. "I dare not cheat him!" And he got up and offered a larger chupattie. "Here, you foolish one! Did I ever cheat you? This one is overweight."

The elephant understood, and ate in forgiving tranquility.

China's Finances.

The London News says that the finances of China are in excellent condition. That country "have not contracted the fatal facility of piling up foreign obligations." About 20 years ago China borrowed in England about $12,000,000 at 8 per cent., and paid it when due. In 1894 $7,500,000 was borrowed at 7 per cent. and $12,250,000 at 6 per cent., and this loan has been gradually paid off until only $3,500,000 is due, and will probably be paid next year. These loans were contracted on a silver basis, and the fall in the value of that metal has practically doubled the rate of interest, but there has been no hint of repudiation nor delay in payments. A portion of the Customs duties are by contract set apart to pay these loans, and none of this portion seems to have been devoted to other purposes. The Chinese revenue is from import and exports duties, tonnage and transit duties, the opium tax, a land tax, and taxes on rice, salt, and other products, besides a system of licenses. Very little is known of the amount of the revenue or expenditures of China. Its credit is so good, thinks the News, that in spite of the war a loan for almost any desired amount could be negotiated in Europe.

Signs of the Criminal.

By the personal examination of innumerable criminals Prof. Lombroso identifies certain physical peculiarities and anomolies which he claims to be diagnostic of the born criminal—the man who is by nature irreclaimable and who may be regarded from the start as hopelessly incorrigible. Of these the chief are lack of symmetry of skull or face, certain peculiarities of ears, hands and feet, scantiness or absence of beard, nervous contractions of the face, prognathism, inequalities of the iris, twisting of the nose or absence of the bridge, retreating foreheads, excessive length of face prominence of cheek bones, dark color of hair and eyes, while white hair and baldness are rare. He lays great stress, moreover, on tatooing—a practice which he regards as exceedingly symptomatic of criminal tendencies—and from these various external characteristics it is claimed that three types of criminals may be distinguished, the assassin, the violent and the thief.

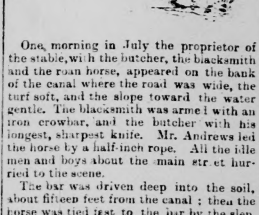
HOW THEY CURED HIM.

The Novel Way in Which a Horse Was Cured of a Bad Habit.

He was a good horse, sound in wind and limb. His speed and appearance made him valuable to Mr. Andrews, the proprietor of a livery stable, who had bought him at a remarkably low figure. He was about seven years old, and gave promise of long service. Only one thing subtracted from his value and detracted from his reputation.

He refused to be hitched to a post or fastened by a halter. Nothing would keep him in a stall but a barricade of rope or bars placed behind him. When harnessed to a wagon it was unsafe to leave him unless hitched, for he was fond of a stroll. Yet if tied to a tree, or a stout post, he would undertake to break the rope, or his neck, by the most violent pulling, rearing and plunging.

Mr. Andrews resolved that this equine madness should be cured, and the village wiseacres set their wits at work upon the problem.



One morning in July the proprietor of the stable, with the butcher, the blacksmith and the roan horse, appeared on the bank of the canal where the road was wide, the turf soft, and the slope toward the water gentle. The blacksmith was armed with an iron crowbar, and the butcher with his longest, sharpest knife. Mr. Andrews led the horse by a half-inch rope. All the idle men and boys about the main street hurried to the scene.

The bar was driven deep into the soil, about fifteen feet from the canal; then the horse was tied fast to the bar by the slender rope, his head toward the village and his tail toward the bank.

The roan stood for a few moments with his ears forward manifesting a horse's curiosity in what was going on. The butcher flourished the knife before his eyes, and he started back and felt the tug of the rope on his neck. Then all his equine ire was aroused, and he settled back with a fierce jerk.

The rope bore the strain until the butcher suddenly drew the keen edge of his knife across the tightened strands, when instantly the roan turned a back somersault, landing on his head in the canal.

He was carefully and tenderly fished out, and to this day can be pitched by a string to a perambulator, wheelbarrow or umbrella. He is cured.

LITTLE TOM KEEP.

How a Plucky Little Drummer Boy Served His Country in the Crimea.

A little more than a year ago an old soldier, named Thomas Keep, died suddenly in Battersea, England. After the inquest was held, the following story concerning him was told:

He was the son of the bandmaster of a regiment of Grenadier Guards, and enlisted as a drummer at the age of ten. A few months later his regiment was ordered to the Crimea.

Tom was a plucky little fellow, and loved England and hated Russia fiercely, as was natural under the circumstances. Every night when he lay down to sleep, and every morning when he woke, he hoped that the chance would come to him to help his country in some efficient way.

The battle of Balaklava was fought. He was in the midst of it, but was unharmed. There seemed to be nothing for Tom to do. Nobody listened to his drum, and he had neither gun nor sword with which to fight.

On the fifth of November the sleeping English camp was awakened by the fire of ninety parks of artillery placed during the night on heights around them.

All day the terrible battle raged. At evening the dead and wounded lay—fifteen hundred of them—on the plateau, while shot and shell still poured down on them, and the merciless cold of a Russian night silenced the cries of agony on their lips.

Suddenly a stout boy, conspicuous in his red uniform, began to move among them, while shells and bullets whizzed past him unnoticed. He gathered wood and built a huge fire. Then he made a great pot of tea, and in a tin cup carried it to the wounded, freezing men, kneeling by each one, lifting his head gently, and putting the mug to his lips with a cheery, "Try a hot drink."

It was little Tom Keep.

Many a wounded soldier owed his life that night to the boy's courage and practical sense. He was dubbed in the regiment, the boy hero of the Grenadiers. But throughout his life Tom angrily refused the title and the credit.

"I wanted to do something for Old England," he would say. "But all I could do was to give a cup of hot tea. What was that?"

Many good men and more good women are in Tom Keep's case. They are ambitious to play a prominently noble part in life, and fate decrees that they shall stand in the background, and only give a little help to the soldiers who do the fighting.

The man who mixes the mortar in the building of a great house may be despised by master masons and decorators, whose work is seen and applauded by the world; but the architect who gave him his work knows that without it the temple would not be reared. His reward will be sure when the day of payment comes.

The Royal Road.

Great Scientist—"What troubles you?"

Wife—"When you announced your new cure for everything, all the world sang your praises; but since the people have tried it, your name has completely disappeared from the newspapers, magazines, and even the medical journals."

"Don't worry about that. I'll soon announce another new cure for them to try."

Hearing a Pin Drop.

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and 12 feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it, the sound of it striking the surface of the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

PERSONALS.

Andrew Lang claims to have discovered the literary possibilities of Dr. Conan Doyle.

The tallest man in the German army, a "one-year recruit" in the First regiment, is 7 feet 4½ inches in height.

Rider Haggard's brother, Colonel Andrew Haggard, is seeking fame as a novelist. He is bringing out "Tempest Torn."

The wife of the Italian prime minister, Crispi, is an ardent lover of cigarettes and enjoys puffing a cloud whenever she is disengaged.

F. Marion Crawford has no fads about the circumstances under which he writes. He can work anywhere and labors on his novels while traveling.

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by $2,000,000,000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is $60,000,000,000.

The first surgeon to use the antiseptic treatment for wounds was Sir Joseph Lister, the famous English operator. He is now about to retire from his profession on account of old age.

It is reported that Professor Metschnikoff of Paris, a pupil of Pasteur, has discovered a cure for mucus fever, a dangerous form of gastric fever. The cure is accomplished by the Koch method of inoculation.

As a fashionable wedding party was leaving St. Paul's church, Ogontz, one day last week, the master of the chimes, after running over a few preliminary staves, thoughtlessly broke into the strains of "O Dear! What Can the Matter?"

At a review of troops held recently at York by the Duke of Cambridge the Archbishop of York attended on horseback. The archbishop was formerly in the army, obtaining his commission in 1847 and retiring with the rank of lieutenant in 1852.

W. H. Sheppard, twenty years ago a poor little yellow boy in the streets of Waynesboro, Va., is, at the age of 30, perhaps the most distinguished colored man in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the only American negro that has ever been made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

There is pleasant story told of the late historian, Froude, to the effect that he had just finished his course of lectures in Boston when the great fire of 1872 broke out and upon being proffered a check for $1,000—the net proceeds of two or three of said lectures—he ordered it to be given to the proper authority for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire.

M. Y. Chung is the diplomat of the Chinese legation in Washington, whose thorough knowledge of English makes him the medium of communication between the legation and the press and public. Mr. Chung is a Yale graduate and a member of the Delta Kappa Upsilon fraternity. He is one of the first of the Chinese officials able to speak English without a trace of foreign accent.

The new German chancellor, Prince von Hohenlohe, was ambassador to France during the troublous days following the war and subsequently was made governor of Alsace-Lorraine. Two more difficult positions no man could well hold successfully, but so discreet, sagacious and conservative was Caprivi's successor in both that he achieved the most important personal and official triumphs.

The attorney general of Jamaica, Constantine Burke, is colored, and there are four distinguished men of color in the legislative council. George Stiebel, a negro, has been knighted by the Queen for his services in promoting the success of the Jamaica exhibition. There are colored representatives in the judicial and administrative departments of the government and it is only a question of time when the entire government of the colony will be in their hands.

THE RULING PASSION.

Even in Prison Women Seek to Beautify Themselves.

A writer in an English paper, says that Mrs. Maybrick set the fashion in Woking prison of wearing the skirt long, that is, with a train, as she was wearing such when she entered the prison. The dresses served out to the convicts are constant sources of annoyance to them, and many an hour is spent touching up and altering. At Millbank, another English prison, some years since, a female convict was discovered to be in possession of three tallow candles, which, if they had not been missed, would no doubt have been utilized as pomade. The woman created quite a sensation among the female convicts in Woking prison by reason of the brilliancy of the color of her cheeks and lips. One day she became quite friendly with a young convict to whom she took a fancy, and during the ten minutes chat (female convicts are allowed to converse with each other for this allotted time) she confided the secret. It was soon all over the prison, and very soon on most of the cheeks of the women could be found traces of color. The "paint" was obtained in the following ingenious manner: In the aprons that the women were issued there was, running through the pattern, a bright-red stripe, and this was carefully drawn out. When unraveled and chewed in the mouth the color or dye was released, and thus the paint was obtained which decorated their faces and lips.

In the same prison a convict had repeated fainting fits. One day she was attacked in chapel and, upon her removal to the infirmary, she was undressed, when, to their astonishment, the authorities found the fits proceeded from tight lacing and from the effects produced by the pieces of wood and wire which the convict had managed to force into her stays in order to make her waist slender. A convict will spend hours in tearing out bits of wire from the window guard and afterward bending them into the required shape for use as hairpins. Leaves from the Bible are often torn out to make the old-fashioned "crack r" curls, but this practice, if found out, involves a very serious punishment. Even the "life" prisoners are not exempt from this desire to make the best possible appearance, and they will scheme, plot, and plan for months together in order to become possessed of a piece of broken window pane in order to make a looking-glass. While out in the exercise yard a convict will rapidly scan the ground in the hope of coming across a piece of glass. Once possessed of it, she will run the risk of solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet in order to get it into her cell. A piece of black cloth at the back of the piece of glass makes an excellent mirror.

On account of the hard times the C. P. R. will not build dairies in Manitoba until next year.

BREATHING DEEPLY.

An Exercise Always on Hand and of Undoubted Value.

With the preliminary, but important, matter of clothing satisfactorily settled, we are ready to breathe. If very weak, lie down on an easy couch—lie flat on the back. See that the air is fresh, but avoid a draught. Draw in a long, slow breath, letting the diaphragm and abdomen expand as fully as possible. Then by a contraction of the diaphragm—a quick drawing in of the muscles over the stomach—force the air into the upper part of the lungs and hold it there a moment or two before allowing it to pass up into the throat. This is done by a contraction of the vocal cords, and is not usually difficult. But if the cords will not close, and the air is not readily controlled, close the lips and hold the nose for a moment, which will prevent the air from all leaving the apex of the lungs. With practice the vocal cords will come under perfect control.

Some have difficulty in establishing the abdominal breathing, especially those who have been in the habit of breathing entirely from the throat. But when the clothing no longer forms an obstruction this will gradually right itself. The natural mode of breathing asserts itself most readily when one is lying down; therefore that position is recommended for the daily practice, which should be persistent, but also very gentle. Do not allow yourself to become really fatigued, and be careful not to make the lungs ache. If one deep breath brings weariness or dizziness stop with the one breath; but try again when fully rested. The upper part of the chest will gradually expand, and in time will round out beautifully.

The careful practice of deep breathing will bring fresh vitality to any organ not incurably diseased. It will enrich the blood more than any preparation of iron or cod liver oil. It has greater power than any anodyne to soothe and restore exhausted nerves. It will round the throat, straighten the shoulders, fill the chest, give a sparkle to the eyes, a color to the cheeks. Those who like to sing will rejoice to find their voices gaining marvelously in strength and purity of tone.

MANY UNKNOWN WOODS.

Some of Rare Beauty That Are Valuable.

Many of the finest woods in existence are yet unknown, or only slightly known, to the manufacturers of wood in the civilized world. The woods of Central and South America are, perhaps, the most remarkable, as well as the least known. In the yet untouched forests of this continent are many woods far finer than any of those now in use.

These woods range from pure white to jet black in color, and many of them are most beautifully marked and veined. Some of them are so hard that they turn the edges of axes, chisels and other tools, while the band saw cuts them only slowly.

In the Columbian Exposition there were many displays of little-known woods, and the finest of them were those from the Argentine Republic, Brazil and other South American countries. Some of these Southern woods yielded to the teeth of the band saw, not the ordinary sawdust, but fine powder, fine as the finest flour, so hard were the woods, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Some of them burnt but slowly. Others possess qualities that keep them free from insects. Some of them seem to be practically indestructible by air and water.

All along the eastern slopes of the Andes, up to the snow line on those great elevations, throughout all the great river valleys and in some of the wide areas of level country in South America are great forests of fine woods that are especially fit for the fine cabinet and furniture work and also for ship-building, carpentry and other industrial arts in which wood is the "raw material." These great forests are now an unknown quantity in the commercial world, but they will come rapidly into the knowledge of men and into industrial use when once the railroad has reached them.

Before many years, it is safe to predict, the South American and Central American Republics will be threaded by railroads, and then those wonderful woods will be drawn upon in supplying the demand for new and fine woods in all the civilized countries.

How to Save the Forests.

Canada has this year suffered very considerably from forest fires, and although plans for their prevention have been adopted new ideas are always acceptable. Mr. John Gifford, who has charge of the forestry work in the State of New Jersey, points out what a Woodmen's Association can do to save the forests from wanton and needless destruction. It can insist upon the enforcement of the laws in relation to the forests, and the punishment of malicious and careless fire-setters. It can adopt such methods of cutting as will increase and prolong the yield of timber and cordwood. It can encourage the planting and seeding of valuable trees on waste land, and it can conserve and increase the water supply, and protect the wild animals of the woods. Such an association has been formed in New Jersey, and Mr. Gifford believes that it is by this means that forest fires can best be stopped. To protect the forests effectively it is necessary to educate the people in the rudiments of forestry, and this is what such an association is destined to do.

An Original Sentence.

An original sentence was given lately by a magistrate in Missouri. A man who did not know how to read and write, convicted of a slight offence, was sentenced to imprisonment until he had learned to read. Another offender, who had a good education, was sentenced to keep him company until he had taught him to read. After three weeks they were discharged, as they had fulfilled their task to the full satisfaction of the magistrate.

He Wouldn't Do.

Railroad Superintendent—"Yes, I have decided to open a Bureau of Information, for the accommodation of passengers who wish to know about trains, and I am looking for a good man to run it."

Applicant—"Well, sir, I have been a railroad ticket agent for a good many years."

Superintendent—"Then you won't do. I want a man who is accustomed to giving information."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Thimbles made of lava are used in Naples.

The greatest salt mine is Wieliczki, near Carcow.

There is still an army of chimney sweeps in England.

Great Britain has 5,968 vessels engaged in the foreign trade.

In Italy 30 persons out of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

Indians comprise about one-half of Mexico's population.

The caliph of Khartoum has 700 watches and not one of them goes.

The London Times reaps $15,000 a year by its births, marriages and death columns.

Australia has more places of public worship in proportion to population than any other country.

Some Chinese and many Africans use the ear as a pocket to carry coins and other small articles.

All Saints' church in Seilitz, Bohemia, contains a chandelier made entirely out of human bones.

A new Government tax of one mark on each cat kept as a house pet has been imposed in Dresden.

The crows of Ceylon are protected by the people because they purify the atmosphere by acting as scavengers.

The national hymn of China is so long that the singing of it occupies half a day. Very few people care about listening to it a second time.

According to the Commander-in-Chief of India 50,000 out of 70,000 men composing the army have been sent to the hospitals within two years.

The flesh of forest rats is esteemed a culinary delicacy in parts of Cuba. Their main article of diet is Brazil nuts, which imparts a good flavor to them.

The Japanese have three different forms of salutation. One is for saluting an inferior, one for saluting an equal, and another for saluting a superior.

A peculiar disease of the will is more common in France than in any other country. The sufferer is unable to cross any open space like the city square.

Types are not used in printing Persian newspapers. The "copy" is given to an expert penman, who writes it out neatly. Then his work is lithographed.

Alexandra, Princess of Wales, is at her most winning best when she visits the sick and sorrowing in hospitals, and she is especially gentle to little children.

The late president of the Argentine Republic, Dr. Pellegrini, is now a partner in a firm of auctioneers, while the ex-minister of finance is very appropriately a money lender.

Tea culture in British India and Ceylon has proved quite successful from a cultural point of view, but its commercial success depends upon increased markets for the product.

Lord Ducie has just sent a check for £500 to the Gloucestershire Infirmary, saying that his will contains that bequest, but that he preferred to save the charges made by the State.

The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe.

M. Vuillod, the "cannon man," who gained celebrity in Paris and elsewhere by catching cannon balls as they were discharged at him from a large gun, is one of the deputies elected to the new chamber.

The Emperor of Japan is described as a very intelligent-looking man of forty years. His blood is the oldest of any ruling power in the world, descending in an unbroken line from the first Mikado, 660 B. C.

Gustav Willisch, a Berlin shopkeeper, was fined twenty dollars by a police court two weeks ago for having called a telephone girl who kept him waiting fifteen minutes "a miserable, brazen-faced woman."

Every passenger landed in a French port from a steam vessel coming from a European port, by a decree just issued, is to pay a tax of fifty centimes (ten cents); from any other part of the world he pays a franc.

A disease peculiar to Japan is known as kakke, which is thought to be the result of a rice diet. The disease is a slow degeneration of the nervous system and steadily increasing weakness of the patient.

Three raspberry canes in the gardens of the London Horticultural Society were grown from seeds found in the stomach of a man whose skeleton was dug up from one of the old burial mounds in North Britain.

The war news of the hostilities between China and Japan is costing the newspapers of England a large amount of money. Every word telegraphed from China costs seven shillings and sixpence, and from Japan half a guinea.

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made. The "Henry Clay Sobranos," which cost nearly five shillings. These are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar-wood cabinets. These millionaire princes buy three cabinets at a time containing 42,000 cigars.

Aluminum Shoe Nails.

On the late visit of Prince Bismarck to the Emperor the latter called the attention of the ex-Chancellor to the improvements made in the boots of the Prussian infantry. This consisted in the displacement of the old-fashioned steel nails by nails of aluminum which is much lighter and more durable. The extra weight under the sole of the boot imposed by the heavy nails formerly worn, and the added weight consequent upon the clogging mud in nasty weather, made a great and needless extra amount of muscular expenditure necessary. The new arrangement will permit of longer and better marching, with fresher troops at the end of the day.

A Dry Goods Prescription.

Miss Saffernskin—"I have come to see if you can give me something for my complexion."

Dr. Synnex—"Certainly." (Writes out a prescription.) "There, I think that will help you."

Miss Saffernskin—"Shall I get it prepared at Postle & Bolus'?"

Dr. Synnex—"No; go to any dry goods store. I've only ordered a veil."

Poets' Corner.

Lovers Still.

Here's as wintry snow is white;
How trembling stems are slow;
Where's love lost their merry light;
Why cheeks their rosy glow.
Here's hair has not its tints of gold;
Here's voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray, and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

They were wed, on lawn and lea
In the daisies blow,
And across the trackless sea
The swallows come and go;
Green were the foremost branches bare;
Clad in gold arrayed;
And the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Of the whispered in her ears
Of love's tender tale;
Of many a thorn amid the flowers
That upon their way;
Of the cheerful dull November hours
As well as days of May.

Through and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Their hand in hand they pass
Slowly down life's hill,
To some grave in church yard grass
Where hold them lovers still.

Autumn.

Dear Autumn! Tell us why the glorious gold
Of fallen leaves of fern, and ruddy hues
Of bramble glist'ning in the morning dews,
Should to our fancies and fantasies unfold.

Why should our souls, with nature's instincts rife,
Turn with a sigh if in dying, if we like,
Then should thy moaning winds and shadows give
The prelude to that death that yields us life,

When the failing for thy winter sleep;
That cold white sleep that wraps thee in its breath,
And though we sing of all we gain by death,
We moan to thy falling leaves—and weep.

She Comes.

She comes. I know it by the way
The flowers their perfumed wealth outpour,
And how because the song bird's play
And the hedges as of yore.

The sunbeams dance upon the lawn
With double light as fairy feet,
And whispering voices all the morn
Have told me that to-day we meet.

The world and all around looks bright,
Doubt and misgivings disappear,
And may my heart beat free and light,
She comes—I see her—she's here!

Once more I see her face and smile:
Oh, glad one day, oh, hour of bliss,
Be silent now awhile,
For words would mar an hour like this.

Plowed Under.

How a field of rich, green clover grew
In the summer, honey laden for the bee;
And how to the owner who stood by;
Looked what time the harvesting would be

"I will not be gathered in." "How then?"
I cried.
"Have you no recompense for all your toil?"
The farmer smiled—he was more wise than I—
"I plow it under to enrich the soil."

And all at once I seemed to see more clear
Some things that I had tried to comprehend:
How not the heart, like that broad field, its growths
That never seen to reach their destined end?

Nearly dreams that perish unfulfilled?
Youthful hopes that vanish ere their prime?
Fond affections and its tender love,
Borne down before their perfect blossom time?

I mused on these, and as I turned my feet
Back to the city with its swift turmoil;
I said in tranquil, sweet content:
"God plows them under to enrich the soil."

A FRIGHTFUL MALADY.

Its Erroneous Impression Exists as to the Cause of Tetanus or Lockjaw.

The death is announced by lockjaw of a lad named Parker Ferrier, son of the principal of Huron street Public school, Toronto. The boy got a slight wound in the heel a few weeks ago, caused by a nail in his shoe. Tetanus, or lockjaw, set in and the lad died on Saturday night. An erroneous impression exists among the public as to the cause of this frightful malady. With most people the disease is created with a rusty nail or other piece of rusty metal piercing the hand, foot or other part of the body. But modern medicine tells another story. There is no fear of a person having lockjaw unless the germ should be secreted on the nail or under a tetanus bacillus, or lockjaw germ. The discovery of the tetanus germ was made in 1885 by the German bacteriologist, Nikolaier. He found that the causes of death by lockjaw there was

A DISTINCT DISEASE GERM FOUND.

The symptoms of lockjaw are easily explained. After the little germ has entered upon its work of poisoning the blood, the muscles of the jaws first become stiff, and soon afterward the jaws become tightly locked. After these muscles have become rigid, those of the trunk begin to grow stiff, sometimes they grow entirely rigid, and the body is drawn up so that it becomes arched and cannot be reduced to a normal position. The patient is soon after attacked with convulsions, during which the suffering are intense.

These convulsions become more and more severe as the disease progresses, and the slightest shock or surprise of any kind, even touching the bed on which the patient is reposing, will bring them on. The intervals between the attacks grow shorter and shorter, until the victim dies from exhaustion. The clinched jaws prevent the swallowing of food. The disease usually follows after a wound of some sort has been inflicted on some part of the body which may be caused by

A SCRATCH OR SPLINTER INJURY

of the most trifling character. It more frequently follows injury to the hands or feet because, as the doctors say, these parts are brought more commonly in contact with the earth in which this deadly bacillus makes its home. Recently cautiously medical men have disclosed the fact that more cases of lockjaw occur in the eastern end of Long Island than in any other section in the world. It was found by examining the soil of that locality that it was heavily charged with bacillus germ. It is the presence of the microbe in such numbers in the soil that is undoubtedly responsible for the many deaths from that disease on Long Island. The early nail theory has been thoroughly exploded.

It is a curious fact that every unmarried man is considered a lucky boy, though he should live to be 100. No matter what his age, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived long enough to be their father.

THE COBURG FAMILY.

They Accommodate Themselves More Easily Than Any Other Reigning Family to Constitutional Monarchy.

From the accession of the Prince of Wales the British Royal family, by British custom, will be called the Coburgs; and had it been the lot of the little Lady Alexandra Duff, or any future brother of hers, to found a new line, that would have been called the Duffs, alike by historians and by the people, a prospect which inspired no pleasure. The Coburgs are better liked; they are supposed, and so far rightly supposed, to accommodate themselves more easily than any other reigning family to Constitutional monarchy, they are royal by descent, and they have had the strangest good fortune in their alliances, as the London Spectator.

Within a few years the three greatest thrones in the world, those of Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, will be filled by descendants of the Prince Consort, while seven minor thrones, those of Belgium, Portugal, Greece, Hesse, Saxe-Gotha, Roumania, and Bulgaria—one of which two last may reign at Constantinople—will all be filled by men of Coburg blood. A position of that kind is a very great though a very peculiar one, and when the change occurs—may it be long first—the English will have no need to explain whence their new dynasty springs or how it got there. The feeling for pedigree, though it is inexplicable, for after all the founder is usually the greatest of his line, is permanent, and indestructible; and there was therefore universal pleasure when it was announced that the Duchess of York had been safely delivered of a son, and that the line of Coburg was, humanly speaking, destined to continue.

England, some people think, will be a republic before the new baby becomes a monarch, say fifty years hence; but dynasties are long-lived. England has been nearer republicanism than she is now, and within the time of men still living a new rampart has been built itself around the monarchy. When the royal standard is pulled down, the Empire will be pulled down too, and it is the Empire that the people delight in, rather than in any dream of a federation of the English speaking peoples, which would transfer all political initiative from London to some city across the Atlantic. We do not see why language should be much of a bond, and we do see that the Spanish-speaking republics are no friends to Spain. For anything anyone can forecast, not only may the newest Coburg reign in Great Britain and India, but his tenth descendant. The hold of the word "republic" over the imaginations of mankind has not increased of late years, nor the evidence that democracy and monarchy are inherently incompatible.

THEY LACK CHARITY.

The Titled Classes Give Little to Charity.

Owing to threats to withdraw their subscriptions from charities when the new budget, which increased their taxes, went into operation, a careful estimate of the contributions of the titled class of England has been made. It does not reflect credit on the dukes and duchesses and lords and ladies of the kingdom. Indeed if all the titled persons in Great Britain withdrew their donations to public charities no perceptible difference would be made in the great total contributed by the trading and professional classes. Here are a few instances in point. The income of the Church Missionary Society is something like $1,000,000 a year. Of this amount 197 members of the titled class ranging from dukes and duchesses downward contributed only $3,500. For the West London Hospital, which has the Prince of Wales for its patron, the same class contributed $75 last year. For the Middlesex Hospital, of which the Queen is one of the governors and gives $500 annually, they contributed $1,850, out of a total income of $190,000, and for the London Hospital, with an annual income of $450,000, they subscribed $1,356. This exposure of the stinginess of the titled class is calling forth some exceedingly unpleasant criticism.

Mormon Farms.

Wherever the Mormons live you will find small, well-tilled farms. Brigham Young was one of the wisest as well as one of the greatest men of this century. No one can visit Utah intelligently without observing proofs of his great wisdom and farsightedness, which have lapped over into Idaho and Colorado. He preached the gospel of irrigation, small farms and diversified farming as the most profitable, and people have long realized the value of his words. The day of bonanza farming is closing. The people of the North-West have discovered to their sorrow the folly of carrying all their eggs in one basket. The great bonanza farmer with 10,000 acres in wheat is the Ancient Mariner of agriculture. Wheat at 20 cents a bushel, with flour at $2.40 a barrel, is worthless to him even when it harvests thirty bushels to the acre. It costs more than that to raise it.

A Disciple of Franklin.



Judge (abruptly)—"One dollar."
Vagrant (philosophically)—"Yer honer'll never know de real value of a dollar till yer try to git it out uv me."

Ore Woman's Artifice.

A woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the keyhole: "Is that you Willie?"

Her husband's name is John, and now he somehow manages to stay at home every night and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver and ruler his pillow.

A SIMCOE CO. MIRACLE.

THE STARTLING EXPERIENCE OF MRS. ROBINSON, OF MIDHURST.

Eleven Years' Sickness—Her Case Pronounced Positively Incurable—She Was Given up to Die by Two Doctors—Now a Picture of Good Health and Strength.

From the Barrie Examiner.

Near the village of Midhurst, about six miles from Barrie, stands the smithy of Mr. John Robinson, while within sound of the anvil is his home, where in the midst of a large and leafy orchard dwell the smith and his family. Mr. Robinson is a type of the proverbial blacksmith with "the muscles of his brawny arms as strong as iron bands," but with Mrs. Robinson it has been different. The wife and mother has for a long time been a victim to acute and painful dropsy of the kidneys. Shortly after the birth of her youngest child (now about 13 years) Mrs. Robinson began to take fainting spells, accompanied by violent headaches. This continued through the years that have elapsed during which time she has obtained the best medical advice available. For about a year she was in constant terror of going insane. Her dull heavy headache, beating pain in the back and weak swollen legs and body made her case something fearful. To a representative of the Examiner Mrs. Robinson said: "It is some five or six years since I took worse, and since then we have spent hundreds of dollars in medicine and for medical advice. The symptoms of my case were heavy headaches, pain in the back and kidneys and swollen legs. I rapidly grew worse, and last July was given up by two doctors to die, and all my friends and neighbors tell me that they never expected to see me out again. I could not raise myself up, could not dress myself, and had to be assisted in everything. Now I am well and strong, and can put out a big washing without any over exertion. I have also suffered from diarrhœa for a number of years, and when I spoke of it to my doctor he said if it were stopped, worse results would follow. At the urgent request of my son, who was then living in Manitoba, and personally knew of wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give this remedy a trial. Since using the Pink Pills I have been completely cured and have felt none but beneficial effects. Only the week before I commenced taking the Pink Pills I was told by a physician that he could not cure me, and that I would likely get worse when spring came. He analyzed my blood and said it was in a fearful state and that my disease was dropsy of the kidneys, which positively could not be cured. This was about the middle of last January. After the third box of pills my backache left me and it has not since returned. I have taken thirteen or fourteen boxes in all and owe my recovery to this wonderful medicine. I can't praise Pink Pills too much, whatever I say of them," said Mrs. Robinson.

"I recommend them to everybody. I can't speak too highly of them. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to let others, who are suffering as I was, know all about them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Queer Idea of Heaven.

In Ashantee no man is ever allowed to see one of the king's wives, and should he happen, through accident, to get a glimpse of one of the "sacred creatures" he is forthwith put to death. The law of that country allows the king to have 3,333 "helpmeets" and no more. These wives all live on two long streets in the City of Coomasie, the Ashantee capital, the quarters occupied by them being locally known by a word signifying "heaven."

Taken and Taken.

She—"I hate to have a photograph taken."
He—"Well, you don't have to, do you?"
She—"How can I help myself? I left it here on the table and now it is gone."
He—"Oh, ah."

A. P. 738.

Hood's Cured After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.



Sangerville, Maine.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could never comb my hair. Now all the sores are healed, the bunches are gone, and I feel as well as I ever did. I am very grateful for the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me, and shall always recommend it to my friends." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Imitating Moonlight..

The handling of balloons has become part of the regular training of the German soldier, and a captive balloon, kept always in readiness for military work, is now a familiar feature of a German camp. A new arrangement of the electric light is now being tried. From the captive balloon is suspended an electric arc lamp of some 5,000 candle power. As soon as night begins to fall, the current, carried by an insulated wire, is turned on, and the light is reflected downwards. In this way a large open space is illuminated, without lamp posts, and the evolutions of a body of troops can take place without impediment by night.

Flattery a Flat Failure.

Hubbie—"You are crowned with beauty dear."

Wife—"That's all right, Charlie, but I've got to have a new winter bonnet just the same."

Look Out

for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier: that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp, diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood taints, if it fails to cure, you have your money back. And that makes it the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold.

Thought Best to Begin Early.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.

"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother, with a smile. "Most women do, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl, musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for twenty years and hasn't caught one yet."

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Polson's Nervuline. Nervuline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

The next year's international convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor will be held at Boston.

An eminent American divine writes:—God has been pleased to store the earth and the air with remedial agencies for the cure of disease and the prolongation of life. I believe St. Leon Water to be one of these agencies. It is invigorating exhilarating and remedial. Used copeously its effect upon the whole urinary passage is most beneficial.

WM. FAWCETT, D. D.
Chicago.

The board of education in Junction City, Kan., have passed an ordinance prohibiting school teachers from attending more than one dance a week.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has yielded to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction stirred itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

The immediate construction of the Hudson's Bay railway is said to be assured.

Canadians will be interested to know that the famous Bissell Carpet Sweepers are now manufactured in a branch factory at Toronto. This means that Canadians will be able to purchase the genuine Bissell sweepers at prices that will enable every housekeeper to possess a sweeper publicly recognized the best in the world.

Sixpersons out of seven attacked with typhus fever in North China die.

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By the use of DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE the cause of the malady is from the first attacked. No narcotics or poisons enter into its composition, it is as safe for the youngest child as for the robust and healthy man. It does not drug the patient and trust to nature for a cure, but the wonderful healing balm of the turpentine is carried in the blood right to the sore spot which it at once soothes and a permanent cure is the result.

BEWARE—Since the great success of DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE many unscrupulous persons offer for sale, or prepare for their own use, a concoction of syrup and raw spirits of turpentine, which dangerous imitation they palm off as "the same" or "just as good." Remember, it has taken Dr. Laviolette many years of labor to discover the secret of rendering turpentine harmless to the human system. He is the only person in possession of this great secret, therefore avoid dangerous imitations. Get nothing but the genuine DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE.

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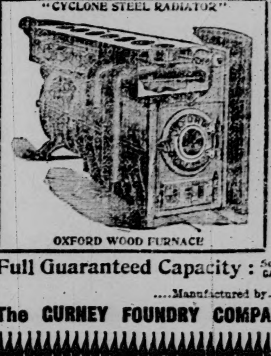
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We make a specialty of importing Strychnine in crystal. Try a sample bottle, ¼ oz., at 50 cents.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Hockey match to-night at 7:30.

W. Pratt. supt. of dining cars, passed through.

J. H. Ross, M.L.A., went to Regina Wednesday night.

Tuberculoses has been discovered in the Winnipeg dairy herds.

A. S. Benns, representing R. J. Whitla, was in town this week.

J. R. Miller, representing a boot and shoe house, stopped off a day.

C. Wishart, traveller for Dewerys of Winnipeg, spent a day in the town.

C. W. Milestone went as far south as Portal this week on a tour of inspection.

Mr. W. J. Bradshaw, rancher, of Parkbeg, spent a couple of days in town the past week.

Conductor Harry Card has returned from Brandon where he spent the holidays with his parents.

Mr. Geo. Dempsy, W. J. Lindsay, and W. F. Smith registered at the dining hall this week.

Mr. Jas. Gilmour, who had his collar bone broken a short time ago, is once more repaired up and on duty.

The social which was to be held at the residence of Mr. Gass to-night has been postponed until next Friday night.

Mr. T. B. Baker entertained the members of the School Board at dinner at his residence, Main street, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Woodman, asst. to Chief Engineer Stewart, has been sounding the water up the creek the past week and finds the supply considerable more than expected.

Mr. W. E. Winks, Insp. of the British Canadian Loan & Investment Co., Ltd., is inspecting and adjusting the loans held by the company in Moose Jaw and vicinity.

Hum Chee, who has been studying in Moose Jaw for some time, has gone to North Portal for entry examination into the United States Forr Jim has passed his entry examination and will shortly leave for Chicago.

Moose Jaw was visited Sunday by a genuine old eastern January thaw. Rain fell at intervals throughout the day. Night coming on the foolishness of a change of climate became apparent. Result, Monday morning "heap blow, big cold."

Conductor McMicken, who went south a couple of weeks ago with the insurance cheque of the late Conductor Murphy, returned Tuesday afternoon. "Sam" enjoyed the trip and speaks in glowing terms of the entertainment provided on his behalf by "Pat's" friends and relatives.

The blizzard which began blowing Sunday night has been quite a barrier to railway progress. No. 1 arrived Monday about 3 o'clock and left for the west shortly after with a double header. No 107, of the Soo line, was left to the mercy of our Yankee cousins and had to be hauled in by engine 38, of the St. P. M. & S. St. M. line.

John Burns, M.P., in bidding farewell to America, characterizes Andrew Carnegie's iron works at Homestead as "the greatest fraud on earth." He really doesn't mean the iron works; he means Carnegie, who writes books on the triumph of democracy, preaches that it is a disgrace to die rich, and lives on thirty million dollars piled up for him by the under-paid, ever-worked labor of the miserable thousands at Homestead who are so regularly having their wages reduced.

N. F. Davin, M.P., came up on No. 1 Thursday morning.

Thos. Gray is in from the hills south of town for supplies.

Mr. Wm. Stitt, of McKenzie, Powis & Co., was in town this week.

W. H. McCracken, relieving operator is in Moose Jaw on duty.

J. L. Green collector of customs at Portal was in town on business.

J. E McAlister, of Parsons, Bell & Co., spent a day with our merchants.

Mrs. McCaskill returned from Broadview this week where she had been visiting friends.

Mr. Paul Ostrander has been confined to his house the past week with inflamation of the eyes.

Rev. Mr. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Methodist Missions, came in on No. 1 this morning.

Mrs. Gilmour, Sr., is under care of Dr. Turnbull at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Wm. Pascoe.

It is rumored that a prominent young Moose Jaw couple have wended their way Regina wards matrimonialy inclined.

The railway yard here this morning presented a lively aspect. Four express trains were in at once—Nos. 1, 2, 107 and 108.

Messrs. J. E. Annable and S. K. Rathwell, delegates to the Patron convention at Brandon, left on Tuesday for the wheat city.

Mr. J. D. Pratt, clerk in the office of Supt. Milestone, has returned to Winnipeg. Mr. Jno. Franke will add to his department the duties lately performed by Mr. Pratt.

Miss Theressa Hyland and Mrs. Trusler, from Broadview, are visiting friends. Mrs. Trusler is the guest of Mrs. R. H. Hardy and Miss Hyland the guest of her brother "Joe."

"It is foul wind that blows nobody good." Idle men around the town profited by the last gale. The C.P.R. on Thursday enlisted the services of all available help and sent them west to shovel snow,

During the high wind on Monday the smoke stack of the Electric Light works was partly demolished. The top half came down with a crash fortunately without doing any damage beyond its own destruction.

Conductor Hubbell is merrily bucking the snow drifts on the Prince Albert branch these days. Some of the banks are high and hard, but excepting a few hours blockade last Saturday at Lumsden, Mr. Hubble has been running on time.

The following players under Captain Melheish will probably meet the Regina hockey team Friday night:—Craigh, goal; T. Battell, point; C. Smith, cover point; G. Keys, defence; W. Simington, centre forward; Ed. Baxter, right wing; J. Melhuish, left wing.

The Regina hockey players arrived on No. 1 this morning. Thir team is composed of Messrs. Pingle, Short, McIntyre, Jackson, Dumbell, Sargeant and Armstrong. President McIvor of the Regina club accompanies the team; and Mr. J. A. W. McInnis comes with the party to act as referee.

Look Out for the Programmes.

The programmes for the entertainment under the management of Mr. W. B. Crosbie has been handed in for publication and will be issued at once. The programme is made up of the best material available, arranged with a view to meeting the taste of the most fastidious. Besides the best local talent Mrs. Guerin and Miss Stephenson, who are each artists in their line, will take part. The arrangement of stage and scenery is in the hands of experienced parties and the success of the entertainment is assured.

Orange Blossoms.

Weddings are events which invariably cause a ripple of excitement in the community where they occur. More than ordinary interest has been aroused by the marriage of Miss E. McMicken, daughter of Mr. S. McMicken, to Mr. Bristo, of Bright. At 12 o'clock the bride appeared leaning on the arm of her brother, Dr. McMicken, and accompanied by her bridesmaid. She was dressed in a magnificent gown of cream silk and Brussels lace and the ever necessary orange blossoms. The groom was attended by Mr. William Gofton, of Elora. The wedding presents were numerous and useful, conspicuous among them was a silver tea server from Dr. McMicken After the knot was tied an adjournment was made to the spacious dining room where dinner was served. After dinner the young couple left for Hamburg where they took the train to visit friends in some of the Eastern cities.—*Plattsville Echo*

The young lady mentioned above is a sister of Conductor McMicken of this town, and we can only say, "Samuel, go thou and do likewise."

BIRTHS.

HOLT. On Jan. 1, the wife of R. H. W. Holt, of a daughter, still born.

FOWLER.—On Jan. 8, the wife of J. P. Fowler, of a daughter.

MCNEIL.—On Jan. 12, the wife of J. McNeil, of a daughter.

HOPKINS.—On Jan. 5, the wife of E.N. Hopkins, of a daughter.

REGINA LETTER.

SOCIAL, LITERARY AND ATHLETIC EVENTS.

King's Daughters Concert—Lecture by Rev. Mr. Turk of Winnipeg -- Booth Disappointed Them — Hockeyists Coming to Moose Jaw.

REGINA, Jan. 19, 1895.—Last Friday a most enjoyable and successful musical evening was given at the Presbyterian manse under the auspices of the King's Daughters. Mrs. Dixie Watson, always deservedly popular, contributed a couple of songs, the second being in response to a most pressing encore. Mrs. Rimmer, a valuable accession to our vocal talent, sang in excellent voice, and created a favorable impression; as also did Miss Davis, who besides giving a very pleasing song, executed in a brilliant manner one of Chopin's most difficult nocturnes.

Owing to very heavy snow drifts, the Prince Albert train, which started on Saturday morning last, took forty hours to reach its destination.

The results of the civic elections are as follows:—Mayor, G. T. Marsh; Councillors, H. C. Lawson, R. H. Williams, Dr. Willoughby, James Duncan, F. N. Dark, and W. F. Eddy; School Trustees, S. Jamieson and J. W. Smith, with the returning officer still to give a casting vote for the third, D. Mowat and R. B. Fergusson tieing.

We have been disappointed in the anticipated visit of General Booth, which was prevented by delays in the east bound trains necessitating this town being skipped in order to enable the General fulfil engagements at larger towns east.

The Penny Readings Association has been re-organized for the season, with the following officers:—President, His Worship the Mayor; Vice Presidents, R. Martin, and J. A Kerr; Treasurer, H. C. Lawson; Secretary, Robt. Blair. A strong executive committee has been formed, and guided by the indefatigable and popular manager, Mr. Blair, the entertainments are bound to be successful in every respect.

A team of hockeyists leave by Friday morning's train to play the Moose Jaw team. Your players will have to put up a strong game to win.

D. Campbell, ex-M.L.A. for Whitewood, arrived from Chicago last week in the custody of Sheriff Murphy, of Moosomin. He will be arraigned on the charge of embezzling funds of the Dominion Government which he had in trust while postmaster.

A large number of invitations are out for the ball to be given by the guests of the Windsor Hotel next Tuesday evening. It is expected to be one of the most brilliant social events of the season.

On Sunday evening last the pulpit of the Methodist church was occupied by Rev. Mr. Turk, of Winnipeg, who fully justified his reputation as a pulpit orator. On Monday evening the rev. gentleman attended a tea-meeting in the basement of the church, and delivered a brilliant lecture on "Leaders of Men." He touched briefly on the career of Julius Cæsar and Hannibal, reviewed the lives of some of the great reformers, and coming down to later times paid a tribute to the genius of Napoleon Buonaparte. The lecturer dwelt at some length on the character of Wellington, coupling with it patriotic allusions which stirred the audience deeply; and referring to that grand literary character, Macaulay, created a great deal of amusement by advising young men not to get married until they had read that author's works, and urging young women to refuse all aspirants to their hands who could not demonstrate the knowledge of Macaulay's writings. A vote of thanks was moved by the Rev. Mr. Brown and seconded by Mr. N. F. Davin, M. P., in a speech the brilliancy of which the Rev. Mr. Turk paid a high tribute to when acknowledging the vote of thanks.

CAPITAL.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Suot. Sunday School.—J. E Battell.

Services—Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. A. P.-Leadingham.

Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Y.P.S.C.E. at 8; Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 7:30

Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. F. B. Stacey, B.A.

Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Clergy—Rev. T. W. Cunliffe, Rev. Wm. Watson

Services—Holy Eucharist fortnightly and on festivals and Saint's days; Matins every Sunday at 11 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30; Evensong every Sunday at 7; Special Evensong and choir practice every Friday at 7:30.

All seats free and unappropriated.

Parkbeg Scraps.

Mrs. A. D. Nims, of Yale, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. F. Manley.

Mr. A. Allison returned from Pasqua on Friday after a few days' visit with his parents there.

Mrs. A. H. Powell returned to Caron after spending a few days with friends in this neighborhood.

Ben Johnson's bridge outfit was here repairing the pump house floor and well which were reported unsafe.

Smith Hodgskinson, of Morse, paid a short visit here last week.

Jack Robinson has returned after spending a week in Moose Jaw.

Miss Alice Colenutt is at Caron visiting friends.

Mr. W. J. Bradshaw and J. Spicer were in from Clear View on Thursday. Mr. Bradshaw left for Moose Jaw on No. 2.

The present rough weather here is certainly an evidence that Parkbeg is not in the banana belt.

Another correspondent in Parkbeg. Welcome into the ring Newsy.

The Clear View ranchers have not found their lost stock yet.

THE UNKNOWN.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Agricultural Society Elect Officers and Directors for '95 —The Territorial Fair and Other Matters Discussed.

The annual meeting of the Moose Jaw Agricultural Society was held in the town hall on Saturday, the 11th inst. President Beasley called the meeting to order and occupied the chair. The secretary-treasurer's report was read and adopted. The director's report, which shonld detail the general labor of the executive during the year, was not read and to a query President Beasley replied that this report had been substituted by the Secretary's which had already been read. The indebtedness of the society contracted some years ago has all been cleared off through a reduction in prize payments and other expenses. This year although there is not sufficient funds on hand at present to pay the prizes in full for 1894 the government grant and other dues will be enough to meet all liabilities and will be paid out as soon as received by the Treasurer. In the meantime a proportionate amount has been ordered paid by the Treasurer to all who have been awarded prizes.

The Territrrial Fair was the first matter taken up and the action of the annual meeting is directly opposite to the view taken by the late board of directors.

It was moved by G. M. Annable, seconded by E N. Hopkins and recommended that the new Board of Directors communicate with the Lieut.-Governor and other Agricultural Societies of the Territories and advise the postponment of the fair until 1896,

The argument in favor of the motion was failure of crop the past year and a consequent dearth of exhibits.

Mr. Fred. Green opposed the motion and pointed out that the failure was local, other parts of the North-West not being effected like Moose Jaw. He was in favor of showing things as they really existed and if better places can be found and better opportunities afforded by attending this fair and meeting with fellow laborers from other parts the fair in his opinion should go on. The products of the different districts produced naturaly can be gathered in '95 just as well as in '96 and the country is so thoroughly advertised now that the products of an extraordinary year would not have any booming effect.

The motion was carried, but as it only recommends, the new Board of Directors are left to handle the question in their own discretion.

Mr. H Dorrell was elected president and called to the chair.

The resolution of the Directors of '95 asking that seed wheat be again supplied by the Government was taken up for consideration and finally indorsed by the meeting. The question was raised as to giving security for seed advanced. This condition was not embodied in the request to the government, but submitted to the meeting as an open question and the feeling was in favor of giving the government suitable security on the growing crop.

Mr. James McClelland, Pres. of the County Lodge P. of I., stated that the County Lodge had memorialized the government re seed grain, there had also been a resolution passed authorizing joint action with the Agricultural Society.

The Directors have the seed grain in hand and will learn as soon as possible the amount required.

A resolution was unanimously passed calling a public meeting in about two weeks or subject to acceptance of Mr. Angus McKay to visit Moose Jaw and address the farmers.

The auditors, Messrs. Gordon and Frazer, were tendered a vote of thanks and made the recipients of complimentary tickets for 1895.

The following officers were elected and installed for the insuing year:—Pres, H. Dorrell; 1st Vice Pres. B. Fletcher, V. S.; 2nd Vice Pres, G. M. Annable; Sec.-Treas. J. E. Annable; Directors, T. E. McWilliams, G. Might, W. Walsh, J. P. Fowler, J. G. Beasley, H. C Gilmour, Jas. McClelland, H. McDougall, N. T. Allcock, E. N. Hopkins, J. W. Smith, T. Franks.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Quadrille Club.

The regular weekly assembly of the Moose Jaw Quadrille Club was held in Russell Hall Friday evening, Jan. 11th. About twenty couples were in attendance. Mr. Harry Healey furnished violin music, accompanied by Messrs. McCauley and Simington on the organ. The floor management was under direction of Mr. Alex Brechin and at 12 o'clock, the hour of adjourning, all expressed themselves satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Special Meeting of School Board.

The new board of school trustees met in the town clerk's office Saturday evening, Jan. 12, for the purpose of organization.

Messrs. Bole, Simington and Annable subscribed to the necessary declarations and were duly installed members of the Board. Mr. T. B Baker was re-elected chairman and Mr. Seymour Green sec.-treas. The only change from 1894 is the retirement of C. A. Gass substituted by J. M. Simington.

General Booth.

Many expectant citizens waited the arrival of No. 2 Saturday evening and some of the more enthused even going to Regina in advance to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing and hearing this great divine. Outside advices inform us that the general's programme has been cancelled owing to the delays in transit. Be this as it may when we consider Moose Jaw is the first point east of Calgary where the Army operates we simply express the feeling of the members here in saying they were somewhat disappointed in not seeing their commander and in the absence of all explanations feel they have been somewhat slighted.

TOWN COUNCIL.

Last Business Meeting of the Council of 1894.

A meeting of the town council was held in the Clerk's office on Monday evening, Jan. 4th. Present, Mayor Gass and Councillors Hitchcock, Davidson, Fletcher and Simington. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Communication from the Globe Printing Co. was referred to the town solicitor.

The following accounts were recommended to be paid: J. A. McDonald, bell fixtures, $3.00; W. W. Bole, stationery, $4.35; C. Langford, Inspector's salary, $35.00; Wm. Grayson, solicitor, $100.00; Walter Scott, printing and advertising, $33.50.

The Mayor was authorized to sign voucher for $32,00 for J. E. Annable when he (Annable) shows a receipt for $23.00 from the treasurer re Carter rent as per statement.

By-laws No. 133 and 134 were read and finally passed. The health Committee reported the Armstrong family under their care properly provided for.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The TIMES does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications written on both sides of the paper are promptly committed to the waste basket. The name of the correspondent must in all cases accompany the letter, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.]

A Patron's Opinion.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—Many farmers think, like myself, that its about time our member Mr. Davin came before us to outline his conduct in the coming session of Parliament, and to hear our views. The Grits, of course, say he is afraid, but with all his faults cowardice has yet to be proven against him.

Yours truly
PATRON.

Bargains
FOR CASH

We are in need of some CASH very much this month and it must be got.

For the balance of this month good honest goods must go at a sacrifice. Now is the time to make one dollar buy two dollars worth.

All winter goods must go regardless of cost. Our high class, ready-made clothing must be reduced,

In shirts and underwear we are giving the greatest values you ever had the privilege of snapping up.

Its CASH we want and BARGAINS WE WILL GIVE.

M. J. MacLEOD.

O. B. FYSH,
Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at Mr. Wm. Grayson's office will receive prompt attention.

OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form.

HARRY HEALEY,
THE CONFECTIONER.

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FOR FIRST CLASS
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Thos. Healey.

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Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.
ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.
First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public
J. H. KERN, PROP.

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Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accomodation for the travelling public

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

R. H. W. HOLT,
PROPRIETOR.

Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.